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The Child Prisoners of Kenya

MISS EILEEN FLETCHER's detailed, documented and horrifying accusations against the administration of justice in Kenya imperatively demand an answer. Mr. Lennox-Boyd failed to provide one in last week's debate. The Minister who is so assiduous in entertaining Commonwealth guests of all races at his London home, so conscious of the public-relations side of the "new" colonialism, displayed a divine indifference to the gross injustices daily perpetrated in Kenya.

He cannot pretend to be unaware of the facts. They were presented to him in unvarnished terms last week. Although the terrorists have been reduced to a tiny handful, Kenya is still a police state. Of the 1,015 people executed there for Mau Mau crimes, only 297 were charged with murder. There are still 41,000 detainees in camps who have never been tried, or who, if tried, have been detained after completing their sentence *or even after having been found not guilty*. The hard core of so-called "irreconcilables" are imprisoned in remote concentration camps—such as the fearful Manda Island, where no journalist or M.P. is allowed to penetrate.

What goes on in Manda Island? We do not know. But, after Miss Fletcher's revelations about girl-prisoners of eleven and twelve, we can make a shrewd guess. For weeks the Colonial Office has been trying to discredit Miss Fletcher and undermine her evidence. But last week her charges were brought home on the floor of the House. It may be, as Mr. Lennox-Boyd claimed, that medical evidence has now established that the girls are over fourteen. But even if this is true (and that the same mistake should occur in five different cases seems a strange coincidence), it was unknown to the prison authorities when they accepted custody. In four cases they believed the girls were under fourteen—as the prison records show. Yet, as Mr. Lennox-Boyd admitted, no one under fourteen may be imprisoned under Kenya law. Why, therefore, has he taken no steps to punish the authorities? Or hold an impartial inquiry? Or even—as he made only too clear when the question was raised again this week—make a sincere effort to establish the facts?

This incident revealed how difficult it is—even for British M.P.s—to get at the truth about Kenya. Anyone who tries to ensure that Kenya officials observe the law, or even maintain ordinary standards of decency, comes up against a wall of bitter opposition from the Colonial Office, and is answered by misleading and often factually untrue statements by Mr. Lennox-Boyd. And, even when a case of injustice is established in the House of Commons, the Kenya administration fights a desperate rear-guard action. Two days after the debate, the Kenya Government had its chance to prove that M.P.s' fears were exaggerated. Instead, Mr. Cusack, the Minister of Internal Security, told the Kenya Legislative Council that only 17,000 of the detention camp prisoners will be released by the end of the next financial year. He graciously admitted that there had been what he called "anomalies" in the sentences of some detainees, and promised to review them. But he then went on to reveal that even now new detentions are taking place at the rate of 800 per month.

So the tragedy of Kenya drags on. Mr. Lennox-Boyd is clearly not at all disturbed by the fact that teen-age girls are being sentenced to life-imprisonment, that children of twelve are being kept in solitary confinement. All the more reason, therefore, for the Labour Party to fight with all the weapons in its power. Labour's failure to divide the House last week, and thus register formal and emphatic protest against what is being done in Britain's name, was an error. It must not occur again. Mr. Bevan now proposes to revise the constitutional machinery to increase parliamentary control over the colonies. This is excellent: but the urgent need is for an authoritative, judicial inquiry into the administration of law in Kenya, carried out on the spot. Child-prisoners cannot await the cumbrous process of legislative change.

Comments on the Week's News

Atomic Hazards

In discreet and balanced terms, the Medical Research Council's report on nuclear hazards is the writing on the wall. Statesmen will ignore it at our peril. Sir Anthony Eden can use it in either of two ways, or both. He can say: "The scientists have reassured me. I can go ahead with the H-bomb tests." Or he can say: "They have warned me. We must hurry to reach an agreement to abandon or restrict atom tests." For the report shows that the amount of radiation and radioactive materials so far released by the H-bomb tests is not—as yet—sufficiently serious to affect the human race; but it also shows that persistent tests—something far short of an H-bomb war—will raise to a danger point the amount of radio-strontium stored in the world's atmosphere. If tests were no bigger and no more frequent than those already carried out it might take decades. But if forty H-bombs, of the order of the previous ones, were exploded, then the world's population, and especially its children, would be at risk. This is not only a question of time but of size—the bigger, the quicker. Blind persistence will bring us to the point-of-no-return, because this radio-strontium dust persists as a biological hazard for at least 2,700 days after an explosion. From an H-bomb exploded at height, it would disperse over the whole world, and eventually poison our water and food. It could then find its way into our bones, where a large enough concentration will set up cancers. In the Welsh mountains, scientists have found sheep whose bones contain measurable quantities of radio-strontium from the Pacific. It may be comforting to tell the British people that the radiation from this source is not more than that from the X-ray machines in shoe-shops, but this may not be true for the peasant peoples of Asia, who live in the open directly off growing plants. They are as vulnerable as the Welsh sheep. But, if such warnings are heeded, the report is a reassuring one. Rule out H-bombs, and precautions we can take will suffice for peaceful use of the atom.

Cyprus Cross-currents

As Mr. Gaitskell rightly said, there are only two ways of solving the Cyprus problem: negotiations through Nato, or negotiations with Makarios. So long as Sir John Harding remains in Nicosia—and he seems to be returning with a full mandate from the government—the second alternative is ruled out. What of the first? So far it has been firmly vetoed by the Prime Minister. But it has its advocates in Washington and Paris and, it is believed, in Athens also. When the Greek Royal Family visited Paris last week, the new Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, submitted a private proposal to the British Government through Sir Gladwin Jebb, the British Ambassador. This, it is understood, contained provisions for Nato intervention: in particular, that the Nato Council should eventually (a period of two to three years was mentioned) pronounce a date for self-determination. These terms go far beyond anything conceded by Greece in the past, and Mr. Averoff stipulated that he would, in the initial phase of the negotiations, be forced to oppose them publicly. The communication, however, was firmly rejected by the British Government, and Mr. Averoff was told, with some acerbity, that he should address any suggestions to the British Embassy in Athens in the normal manner. This is hardly the language of diplomacy. Is Sir Anthony, then, pinning all his faith on a military solution—which Sir John Harding has promised within six months? On the face of it, this seems only too likely; and the deportation of Father Macheriotis is, as Mr. Averoff remarked, further evidence of the intransigence of the government. Perhaps the announcement of Mr. Shepilov's forthcoming visit to Athens will encourage Sir Anthony to think again.

Gold Coast Election Issues

The decision of Professor Kofi Busia to accept the parliamentary leadership of the opposition National Liberation Movement now leaves the Gold Coast voters with a clear choice of prime ministers. When they vote next month—on July 12 and 13 in the North, and on July 17 in Ashanti and the Colony—they will be deciding whether Dr. Nkrumah or Dr. Kofi Busia is to be the next prime minister. As under any electoral system, this is partly a matter of conflicting personalities, but the real difference goes much deeper. The two men represent a fundamental conflict of policy in Africa. Dr. Nkrumah has built up a political party based upon the western European model. His personality has been important to the Convention People's Party, but the support which he has won is equally attributable to the standard of organisation which his party has achieved. Dr. Busia, on the other hand, represents a movement, rather than a political party. The National Liberation Movement is essentially based upon the traditional authority of the Chiefs, as distinct from the politicians. If successful, Dr. Busia would restore much of their authority to the Chiefs and diffuse power from the centre to the regions. It is important that the Gold Coast at this stage, before becoming independent, should make this vital choice. The electorate will, in fact, be deciding whether the new, independent Ghana is to be established as a modern western political state, with power in the hands of those directly representing public opinion, or whether Gold Coasters are to turn their backs on the parliamentary system, recognising traditional authorities at least as strongly as elected politicians.

Argentine War Games

Two days after the provisional government announced the denationalisation of the banks—the next stage in the dismantlement of the Peronista state—General Peron launched an attempt to overthrow the new regime by force. The revolt seems to have been ill-planned. Although Peron still has considerable influence among the younger army officers—two army training schools were among units which rose on his behalf—only one line regiment rejoined the insurgents, and the unions played no part in the fighting. The navy and the air force—the backbone of the regime—suppressed the revolt with comparative ease in 12 hours. Fifty of the ring-leaders have been shot, an unprecedented event in Argentina, and a sign that Admiral Rojas—now clearly to be seen as the strong man behind President Aramburu—has no intention of observing the time-honoured rules of South American revolutions. The revolt had a marked anti-clerical flavour—there were a number of attacks on Church property—and one of its results may be to force the government, hitherto anxious to preserve Liberal support and limit clerical influence in the cabinet, to move further right.

NEXT WEEK

BROADWAY AND PLAYWRITING

J. B. Priestley

THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

A profile of Bertolt Brecht
with caricature by Vicky

A Policy for the Film Industry

The six trade unions which are most concerned in the British film industry have published a joint statement which condemns the Board of Trade's policy and puts forward an agreed plan for reviving the industry. The most important of their proposals is the demand—made over and over again since the end of the war—for a state-owned theatre circuit "equal in size and booking power to the present main circuits." As the unions point out, it is all very well for the National Film Finance Corporation to finance a production, but it has no means of ensuring that it gets a reasonably profitable distribution. Secondly, the unions insist that the N.F.F.C. must be continued—at the moment, it is due to be wound up next year—since it is the sole source of money to which an independent producer can turn if he has no backing from one of the big production companies, and since it is therefore the only way of preventing the domination of the industry by the two big combines and by American film interests. Thirdly, the unions want an inversion of the present quota to ensure that distributors shall book a maximum amount of foreign films, not a minimum of British productions, and they ask for an agreement which prevents U.S. companies taking out more money than British films earn in the U.S. This proposal, like the suggestion that entertainment tax should be reduced when a British film is shown, is more open to argument than the first two. It is, however, encouraging that the unions have done some hard thinking about the plight of the industry, and that they have reached agreement among themselves.

Smoking in Sweden's Schools

It seems that the Swedish government is sufficiently convinced of the relation between cigarette smoking and lung cancer to try and protect younger people from the smoking habit. The Prime Minister, Mr. Tage Erlander—who has been a non-smoker since 1937—has announced that the Ministry of Education has forbidden smoking on school premises, and that the state tobacco monopoly is to forbid the sale of loose cigarettes. Until now it has been possible for tobacconists to open a packet and sell cigarettes singly. (In fact, the price of a single cigarette was printed on the label.) This, it is believed, encouraged young people to smoke, since the cost of one or two cigarettes—in a country where a packet costs much the same as in Britain—is comparatively small. The retail tobacconists, moreover, have agreed not to sell cigarettes to minors. This action was taken in the light of recent social and medical reports on smoking by school children. There has been a Ministry of Education study which shows that every third 11-year-old smokes. The Ministry has now called a conference to consider ways in which school children can be warned of the dangers of smoking, and it has sought the support of the teachers, the radio system and the tobacco monopoly.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Ottawa

U.S. Business Moves In

A Correspondent writes: After twenty-one years of uninterrupted power the Liberal Party of Canada has finally succeeded in provoking in its opposition the will to fight and in providing them with an issue worth fighting about. The sudden emergence of a new atmosphere of political tension is immediately related to the determination of the government to force through Parliament legislation authorising a company controlled by American capital to build a pipeline from the oil fields in Alberta to the industrial centres of Ontario. The government policy involves the payment of a large subsidy for the construction of an allegedly unprofitable part of the line and also the granting of permission to divert to the American market a substantial proportion of the gas transported through the western sections of the line. The policy is a result of compromise, and like most of the compromises of the Liberal Party it has something to be said for it. But not much. The immediate question of the pipeline has raised more general and fundamental questions concerning the character and destiny of Canada.

Canada is threatened by a new type of colonialism, more formidable than any which it has previously experienced and more calculated to rob the Canadian people of their capacity to determine the character of their own community. Canada has long been the scene of foreign capital investment on a large scale, and of all the investors the Americans have been much the largest. All previous foreign investments have been in enterprises which, in the final reckoning, the Canadian people through the agency of their government could control. Now, however, investments in oil pipe lines, oil companies and hydro-electric projects are fixing for the foreseeable future the uses to which Canadian sources of industrial energy are put. Transmission lines, for example, carrying 80 per cent. of a hydro-electric plant's output to American industrial centres, are a physical means of limiting Canadian use of the energy potential of the watercourse in question. Once the transmission lines are in use the Canadians can no longer decide how the power is used, unless they wish to come into serious conflict with the United States. If, as is now happening, a progressively increasing proportion of Canadian oil and electric power becomes tied to American industrial centres by transmission and pipelines upon which American industries become dependent, then Canada will soon cease to have the power of determining the character of its own industries. It is useless to argue that the United States will be as dependent upon Canada as Canada upon the United States. Canada will control theoretically part of the power and oil supplies of American industry, but once the dependence is established the United States, being the more powerful state, will be obliged, and will be able, to insist that Canadians maintain the supplies of oil and electricity and get along as best they can on what is left over.

In some areas of Canada Canadian industry is already using Canadian power sources to the limit, and further Canadian industrial expansion depends upon retaining the partially exploited areas such as Alberta and British Columbia which the Americans are beginning to tap. The use of the industrial resources of these areas is the fundamental issue behind the gas pipeline project which has provoked the present storm in Ottawa. Once more the Canadian people are obliged to ask themselves whether they want a genuine but difficult independence or an easy but fatal dependence on the United States. If only economic considerations were at stake there is something to be said for linking Canada more closely with the United States, but for Canadians the moral and political implications of economic policies have always been enormously important.

The Liberals have a record of failing to take account of the Canadian love of independence. A policy of integrating Canada commercially in the American system brought the Liberals to grief in 1911, in spite of having presided over a long course of prosperity. Now they are heading for disaster, and for the same political reason. In the present circumstance they find themselves allied with the reactionary, demagogic Social Credit group resisting the onslaughts of both the Conservatives and the Socialists. St. Laurent today, like Laurier in 1911, has a substantial majority in Parliament, but he is fast losing the support of the people.

Rabat

The Reconquest ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes from Rabat: To cross the Algerian frontier into Morocco is to enter a different world. In Casablanca and Rabat, night-clubs and cinemas are packed, the streets thronged until the small hours, the beaches crowded. The French colony appears to have accepted Moroccan independence with good grace. The businessmen who, less than a year ago, shouted for the blood of M. Grandval now decorate their cars with portraits of the Sultan, and the ultra-colonialist *Vigie Marocaine* carries front page articles "in honour of His Majesty Mohammed V and His Royal Highness Prince Moulay Hassan."

Even so, the shadow of Algeria is omnipresent. The Arabs don't trust the local French, or even the government in Paris. One of them told me: "So long as the Algerian war continues, French promises are worthless. Either the French really have had a change of heart—as they tell us—in which case they must give liberty to the Algerians; or they're still really colonialists, in which case when they've dealt with Algeria they'll try and reconquer Morocco. We don't forget that the first conquest of Morocco was launched from Algeria." Many French *colons* echo the same idea—only privately. "We had to accept an intolerable settlement with Morocco," I was told, "because all our army was committed in Algeria. But once we finish with the rebels there, we can reopen the question of Moroccan independence." Not everyone takes this view, but it is strongly held in military circles, especially at army headquarters in Rabat. Both sides, therefore, are waiting and preparing. The Moroccans have refused to disband the "Army of Liberation" and are busy arming it; they don't trust the so-called "Royal Army," which has French officers. They also do their best to help the Algerian rebels by preventing the French army from manoeuvring freely across the frontier. The French, on their part, are doing their best to sabotage the new Moroccan state, especially economically. The Arabs are aware of this, and are looking cautiously towards America. They hope to re-negotiate the American bases, and extract a sizeable rent in return—some even talk in terms of $400 million a year. They are unlikely to get anything like this figure, but there is no doubt that they have some sympathetic friends in Washington—and even in Wall Street. I was told in Rabat: "Here, we're willing to bet that if France continues her present attitude towards Morocco, we'll be in the dollar zone within eighteen months."

Rangoon

Reviving Party Democracy

A Correspondent writes: The Premiership of Burma has slid over from U Nu to U Ba Swe comfortably and without ceremony. Collective leadership is long established in Burma; today's leading Ministers were banded together as student leaders, then in the Resistance Movement and, finally in the first Government of the Union of Burma. No crisis led up to U Nu's resignation last week and no crisis will follow the decision that U Ba will take over the Premiership at least for one year. The new Premier is a firm Marxist, but anti-Communist, and he and the third in the triumvirate, U Kyaw Nyein (Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for National Economy), have been the chief architects of the Asian Socialist Bureau. Indeed, theirs is the most serious Asian theoretical contribution to Socialism. They believe that Socialism in Burma can be achieved the democratic way and they are uncompromisingly opposed to colonialism. They are neutralists, but with no disposition to yield to the intensive wooing of either Mr. Krushchev or Mr. Dulles.

The change of Prime Ministers and the accompanying Cabinet shake-up does not involve any change in policy. It is designed to meet the first opposition challenge to the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (which won Burmese independence and remains the ruling coalition, with the Socialist Party as the dominant group). A legal opposition has challenged its near-monopoly. In the second general election two months ago, the National United Front won 46 out of a House of 230. The N.U.F., which is largely the Communist controlled Burmese Workers' and Peasants' Party, is a lively and young organisation which has profited by a falling off in the A.F.P.F.L.'s drive, integrity and appeal. The organisation has been much too centralised in Rangoon, whilst in the provinces (as in the case of the British Labour Party in 1951 and for similar reasons), safe seats often meant local slackness, local bureaucrats and a minimum of activity until some V.I.P. from the capital appeared on the scene.

U Nu is the only personality who can purge and revivify the A.F.P.F.L. and restore its old drive and appeal. To him, it still stands as Burma's guarantee of democracy and independence of outside control. In his election broadcast, he said:—

> If a country wanted to have another country, it invariably launched war and conquered the country. Nowadays, however, military conquests are not as easy as in the past. Therefore, new tactics are employed, whereby the interested country breeds stooges and pawns in the country in which it is interested. When these stooges and pawns gain political power, the outside hands pull the strings. The A.F.P.F.L. is not a stooge of anyone. It cannot be swayed by any outside influence and it fears no frown and courts no favour.

This suggests that U Nu takes seriously the alleged support from Communist embassies for the N.U.F.

Whilst U Nu means to tighten up A.F.P.F.L. organisation, the new Prime Minister, U Ba Swe, will step up the campaign against the Communists, who still seriously thwart the Government's economic programmes in several areas. Moreover some 2,000 to 3,000 K.M.T. troops still roam about the Shan States. U Ba Swe, who retains his portfolio of Defence, has already announced that he intends first of all to restore order and will introduce conscription. (National service will be for two years.) He has three able Deputy Prime Ministers in charge of National Economy, Foreign Affairs and Land Nationalisation, and the new Cabinet will function all the more successfully as U Nu builds up an honest and efficient A.F.P.F.L. in the country.

Budapest

The Coming of Birth Control

A Student of the Hungarian press writes: Family planning, with official encouragement, has begun in Hungary. Contraceptives, not previously on public sale in this Catholic country and virtually unknown to most Hungarian women, are now on sale in the chemists shops, and public health authorities are giving advice on their use. Laws on abortion have been slightly relaxed. In the last days of May all the national newspapers carried long articles on both abortion and contraception. On May 23, *Magyar Nemzet* came out with a report that abortion "is a social problem. We have housing problems, there are too few schools, creches and nurseries are too few. To deny the problem is to bury one's head in the sand." The truth is that, apart from Budapest, a good part of the known abortions have not been carried out by doctors. In 1953 abortion committees, consisting of doctors, were set up in Hungary to decide, only in extreme cases, that an abortion under clinical conditions might be permitted. Previously there had been an outright prohibition under a law of 1878. "The committees," the paper said, "were a good transitional step but did not carry the matter far enough. Now we need more progressive, wiser measures.... For years it has been almost impossible to get contraceptives. Now, under the name Timidon, contraceptives are served in chemists without prescription. They are cheap and effective and there is a possibility of our manufacturing others, similar to foreign makes. It is necessary that they should be in the shops in the requisite quantities." *Magyar Nemzet* then went on to answer those who objected to contraception on religious grounds, and those of "a peculiar pseudo-saintly point of view" who argued that the sexual morals of young people would suffer.

On May 27, the leading newspaper *Szabad Nép* (Free People) carried an interview with Minister of Health József Román announcing the new regulations for clinical abortion. "Since 1945," he said, "the number of births has been so favourable that our country holds an outstanding place, even from an international point of view. Infant mortality has dropped to half what it was as a result of our mother and child welfare policy. The number of births in 1951-2 dropped a little, but the number of abortions started to rise. The courts passed severe sentences to prevent this. The health institutions in general gave permission for ending pregnancy only in cases of illness. In 1954 the severe rules were modified a little and it was permitted also in special family or social circumstances. The committees, however, operated circumstantially, bureaucratically and sometimes too strictly, and their judgment was not similar in all cases. This in itself made it necessary to regulate the matter again. Experience has shown that in spite of the 1954 modification, the number of births did not drop considerably. The overwhelming majority of mothers stick devotedly to the family, to the child. The Council of Ministers has decided that the procedure for abortion must be simplified. It has shown that we must take more into account the interests and living circumstances of the family, particularly the mother. In the future, committees working beside the local obstetric departments will hear directly from the expectant mother on the family, individual and health reasons for her application. The task of these committees will be to enlighten the expectant mother on the health effects of abortion, and to try and convince her to have the child in all cases where the request seems unfounded. Taking all the circumstances into account, if the mother still wishes it this committee will permit the operation to take place. Since the ending of pregnancy by operation—especially if repeated—is not without danger to health, the Council of Ministers has decided that harmless contraceptives must be put on the market, and care must be taken that lectures are given on these in health institutes."

The abortions committees are being set up in every town and rural district. The members will be the chief doctor of the local council, with two social workers appointed by the council. Where permission is granted, the abortion must take place in a hospital, and it may only be carried out up to the 12th week of pregnancy. If the woman is entitled to social insurance the operation will be free. Others must pay the nursing costs of £2 a day or a reduced sum according to means. Abortion without permission, outside the public service, will remain punishable.

Westminster

Bowler-hatted ?

The audience was just beginning to arrive for the Conservative eve-of-poll meeting at the Pump Room in Tunbridge Wells. Rosetted stewards were on the doors and, pinned in position on the board outside the main entrance, were two large Central Office posters. A smartly dressed, middle-aged City-type gentleman, with bowler hat and rolled umbrella, stopped to look at these posters. He stood there gravely staring for about thirty seconds and then walked to the board. He drew out the pins which held the posters, laid the posters themselves face downwards on the wet gravel, trampled them underfoot and studied the result reflectively. Then he went back to the board, replaced the pins, raised his hat to two Tory stewards, who had watched him with their mouths open, and went away.

This incident had some significance. From the beginning of the campaign it had been clear that there was little heart in the local Conservative Party. Indeed, Labour's Southern Regional organiser, Frank Shepherd, privately referred to the campaign as a "fight against Mau Mau, the unseen enemy." Some part of the trouble came from the selection as candidate, by entirely proper procedure, of Mr. Richard Hornby, a stranger recommended by the Central Office, instead of a local man who had been born into a comparatively poor family and had worked his way to reasonable prosperity. This decision, which he looked on as a last straw, caused a member of the Conservative local executive not merely to resign but actively to work for Labour. Further, both the continuing rise in prices and the effects of the credit squeeze on small business men damped local enthusiasm. But these do not seem to have been the main cause of abstentions, for, during the morning and afternoon of polling day, Conservative women voted in large numbers and, throughout the day, the Conservatives had available plenty of the medium and cheaper types of car which small business men normally own.

The abstentions, which resulted in a drop of 9,000 in the Tory vote (as well as the out-of-type gesture of the gentleman who tore down the posters) seemed to have been caused by something deeper than a local dispute or even immediate political issues. The Tonbridge Division has considerably more than an average share of what the local Labour Party calls the "posh element"—senior partners in large stockbroking firms, chairmen of big companies, substantial landowners and the like—and it was their Daimlers and Bentleys which were conspicuously absent on polling day in the stream of Populars and Prefects which carried Tory voters.

Indeed, because of the absolute refusal of the "posh element" to lend their cars, Tory headquarters, for the first time in history, was not able to fill its car quota until two days before the poll. The real reason is probably to be found in a phrase, frequently heard in Tonbridge these days, that "the party is not what it was." This phrase apparently means that the party is now headed by a man whom the *Daily Telegraph* dislikes, that it has a Chancellor who does not automatically reject all forms of Socialist planning and that it has a Cabinet which is capable of presiding over the liquidation of the British Empire. Obviously there are more people in Tonbridge, enough virtually to lose a safe Tory seat, who feel this way than there are in most other divisions. Yet if it is true that it was the "posh element" whose revolt caused this disastrous result, Tonbridge may have a national significance; for that element are large contributors to party funds and, through the industrial and financial positions they hold, have more influence on the Conservative party than their numbers suggest. Since the party is not noticeably winning working-class votes from Labour and, as the credit squeeze continues, is likely to find its hold on the tradesman-cum-small business vote less firm, a revolt by its one hitherto certain source of support may well induce it to return to traditional Tory policies such as are in fact now being practised in Cyprus.

The Tonbridge election also has more than local significance for the Labour Party. The organisation was not, it is true, any spectacular pre-view of the Wilson New Look, which could spur and guide other parties to similar success; and the campaign itself, in some respects, was pitched in minor key, in face of the local situation, in order to avoid stirring the Tories into activity. Hence only four indoor meetings were held through all this scattered division and, in his short open-air meetings, Robert Fagg tended to concentrate on the cost-of-living rather than the Socialist revolution. But Labour's canvassing was intense, even if still concentrated on hopeful areas. The small body of active workers managed to achieve a 36 per cent. canvass compared with only 6 per cent. at the last general election and in the course of it they found a startling change. In nearly all the small villages which comprise the division, housing estates have sprung up, where agricultural workers, who hitherto have lived away from each other in isolated farm cottages, are now living closely together. Because of the courage which comes from numbers, they are now eager to show Labour window bills. Even more important, when surrounded by their own people, they will join, and will do open work in, local Labour parties. It is mainly because of this development that, despite deaths, removals and by-election apathy, Labour held its general election vote.

The national significance of Tonbridge seems therefore to be that a hitherto dependable section of Tory support, there and elsewhere, has launched itself into deliberate and purple-faced abstention which may force profound changes in Tory policy; and that a section of voters which, for one reason or another has hitherto been neutral or Tory, has swung decidedly to Labour.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Holy Leninism

WHY did it happen, and what guarantee is there that it will not happen again? In a single speech Nikita Krushchev discarded the whole authorised version of the Stalin era and, in his revised version, shows that Stalin would go to any length to maintain his power. He reveals, for instance, that after the 17th Party Congress in 1934, Stalin murdered 70 per cent. of the central committee and arrested more than half of the delegates to that congress. This, at least in part, explains how it came about that the full central committee never held a meeting throughout the war, that the politbureau was replaced by "sextets" and "septets," and that, in effect, the secret police ousted the party as the governing élite envisaged in the Leninist faith. As a remedy, however, Krushchev merely demands a return to "holy Leninism." He has not told us what structural changes are being made to rid Russia of the dangers inherent in the dictatorship of the proletariat. We cannot be content with his verbal promise that there will be "no repetition in any form whatever of what took place."

According to Krushchev, Stalin's degeneration into arbitrary tyranny was due to his perversion of the canons of Lenin's faith, to his incapacity for collective work, to his morbid suspicions and intolerance of all criticism. But in leaving the matter there, Krushchev still perpetuates the "cult of personality." If Stalin alone was to blame, no further correction is needed after his death except elimination of his anti-Leninist errors.

Krushchev shockingly over-simplified his task of analysis. The industrial revolution in Russia created the need for strong measures. If a society is to remake its agricultural economy and build a heavy industry in a generation, and to do this in a backward peasant economy without outside aid, the ruling group cannot rely on the polite techniques of democratic persuasion. More drastic measures will certainly be necessary, especially if industrialisation is being pushed ahead at a fantastic pace in the shattering aftermath of revolution, foreign intervention, and civil war. Socialism, Krushchev might have pointed out, could have been built in Russia without the excesses with which Stalin marred his positive achievements, but not, in the circumstances of Russia in the Thirties, without iron social discipline. It was the need for this discipline that was used to justify the suppression of criticism, and it was because there was no criticism that the bureaucracy flourished unchecked until, with Stalin as the arch bureaucrat, it became omnipotent.

The question that must now be asked is whether "democratic centralism", as Krushchev re-defined it in Lenin's terms, may not again lead to "bureaucratic centralism." Will it not always be possible to revive Stalin's excuse of revolutionary necessity in order to crush those who want to revise theory or set up institutions guaranteeing freedom? Already *Pravda* has denounced those who have raised such points as "swampy thinkers . . . guilty of rotten anti-Party talk." Stalinism may be repudiated, but apparently there is still a sacred text and an infallible theology.

It was on this point that Djilas challenged Tito in 1953, when he wrote in *Borba* that Tito had broken with Stalin, but still treated Leninism as "a set of inherited and patented rules." It is only, Djilas said, by "ideological struggle" that we can determine whether "they have become obsolete or not." Similarly, Pietro Nenni has taken issue with the Soviet leaders. Just after the 20th Congress he asked whether the Leninist conception of the party—worked out from the experience of the European and Russian labour movements at the beginning of the century and adapted to the requirements of the Civil War—is "still valid forty years after." And, he asked again, "is the party still the proper instrument to co-ordinate and guide . . . can the 'new life' in the Soviet Union be contained in the old framework?" His answer is that there must be real democratic control, "the separation of powers, especially the judicial power from the executive power." This may be what Krushchev has in mind when he talks of restoring "Socialist legality"; it may be that the present "revolution from above" is intended to develop more genuine forms of democracy. But, so far, the Soviet leaders show no sign that they are willing to permit the free discussion which alone can prevent one-party rule becoming a tyranny.

Is it too much now to suggest that Soviet Communists should go back and examine the debates which took place, first in the days when Lenin was creating the Bolshevik Party, and then, after the revolution, when he was creating the Soviet state? Those crucial discussions throw a bright light into the darker corners of party theory and organisation. With what prophetic insight Trotsky, for instance, foresaw where the Leninist conception would lead the party! In his pamphlet, *Our Political Tasks*, written as early as 1904, he pointed out that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" would lead Lenin to substitute the party for the proletariat. Then, he said, "the party organisation will substitute itself for the party as a whole; then the central committee substitutes itself for the party organisation; and finally a single dictator substitutes himself for the central committee." This dictator, he believed, would become the repository of a metaphysical truth, degenerating like Robespierre and the Jacobins, who spared no human hecatomb to build a pedestal for their truth. . . . The counterpart to their absolute faith in a metaphysical idea was their absolute distrust of living people." The result was that they kept their society in a permanent state of siege and drew the line between themselves and the rest of the world "with the knife-edge of the guillotine."

Trotsky was not the only Marxist who believed that there were great dangers in the Leninist concept of the party—though he later accepted it in the period when the revolution had to be made and defended. As early as 1918, Rosa Luxembourg commented on the Russian Revolution that

> freedom for the supporters of the government only, for the members of one party only—no matter how large its membership may be—is no freedom at all. Freedom is always freedom for the man who thinks differently . . . freedom loses all its virtue when it becomes a privilege. . . . Without general elections, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of speech, life in every public institution slows down, becomes a caricature of itself, and bureaucracy arises as the only deciding factor. . . . Public life gradually dies, and a few dozen party leaders with inexhaustible energy and limitless idealism direct and rule . . . cliquism develops a dictatorship, not the dictatorship of the proletariat but of a handful of politicians, i.e., a dictatorship . . . in the Jacobin sense.

Soviet leaders may reply: "You forget that we have built our economy and defeated Hitler. If we had listened to Trotsky or Rosa Luxembourg, no doubt we should have lived nobly, but we—and the Revolution—would have perished." And, like Mr. Krushchev at the Labour Party dinner, they may add: "We would like to give our people higher living standards and more freedom. But those who urge this course upon us wish to see us destroyed. We have to be strong because we live in a hostile world, and restraints are the price of survival."

Of course there is force in this reply, though not nearly so much as there was when Stalin used it to justify his dictatorship. In present conditions freedom is required for economic success. That is why Krushchev has broken down the unlimited power of the secret police. But is this reform adequate unless the Soviet public is involved in it, if "liberty" is still to be confined to a party kept within the straitjacket of one "holy" interpretation of Marxism? Krushchev himself conceded that even before Stalin took absolute power the social base of the "class enemy" had "contracted" and he showed that "political deviation" could be met successfully by political argument. With how much greater force does this case for public discussion apply in 1956! The Soviet regime is safe enough to allow a genuine clash of critical opinion. When Krushchev permits a reassessment of Leninism and is prepared to create constitutional guarantees of civil liberty and free criticism, we shall know that his talk of establishing "Socialist democracy" is not merely the substitution of one "true faith" for another discarded infallibility.

Automation, Employment, Investment

A GREAT deal about automation is still unknown to most of us, including those who write most glibly about it. But two things are known beyond a doubt—first, that it involves using less labour directly for each unit of output, and secondly that it requires heavy investment in capital equipment. In these two respects it does not differ from earlier kinds of mechanisation, which have in most cases altered the make-up of production costs, so that the proportion of total direct cost paid out in wages has been reduced and the proportion represented by capital instruments increased. Moreover, even when account is taken of the indirect labour cost—that is, of the wages paid out to the producers of these capital goods, the effect has usually been to reduce the proportion of total labour cost to total cost of production. Otherwise it would not have been profitable to install more mechanised methods.

This process has been going on ever since the Industrial Revolution. Sometimes, it has taken the form of substituting less skilled and cheaper labour for more skilled and dearer labour: sometimes, on the other hand, the new machines have required more skilled workers than the old ones, but fewer for each unit produced. Often, even where the new machines have been directly operated by less skilled workers, the new methods have called for the employment of more highly skilled workers in planning and design, in the toolroom, and in the setting-up and maintenance of the machines. Of course, in many cases, this has not meant an actual decline in the numbers employed, or even in the number of skilled workers employed; for often mechanisation has taken place in conditions of expanding demand for the goods in question, even apart from any reduction in their price, and in many cases demand has expanded because it has become possible to sell the goods at a lower price as the total unit cost of producing them has become less. Thus, the smaller proportion of wage-cost to total cost has not necessarily meant either a fall in total employment or even a fall in skilled employment. It is, however, bound to involve one or other unless demand is either expanding apart from price-changes or is responsive to a fall in price.

Moreover, in many cases, mechanisation will lead to lower unit costs only if total output is enlarged. The economic advantages of mechanisation are limited by the size of the prospective market; and the more advanced forms of it are, generally speaking, applicable only where there exists, or can be created, a mass demand—which tends to become larger and larger as the economies of large-scale production increase. In many industries there exist side by side huge, highly mechanised factories producing standardised products for which there is a big, uniform demand, and small, much less mechanised factories producing variant products for which the demand is relatively small; and both these types are needed to meet the varied requirements of the market.

These are, no doubt, commonplaces, of which every economist and every businessman who understands his own business are well aware. But much of the current talk about automation seems to ignore them, though they clearly apply to it in a high degree. Automation must be taken to mean, in relation to manufacturing industry, the organisation of productive processes, including the transfer of work in progress from one process to another, by methods which eliminate both physical handling of the goods and physical operation of the machines used—except when something goes wrong. The routine operator, instead of working directly at the machine, becomes an observer, who need do nothing except observe the dials unless something goes wrong or it is desired to bring some particular process to a stop. He or she need no longer labour in the ordinary sense of the word, but must continually observe and be all the time on the alert, vigilant to notice every sign that anything is amiss. Not manual skill or dexterity or speed of routine operation but eternal vigilance throughout the hours of employment becomes the quality demanded of the good worker—except of course of the back-room boys who design the set-up and of the skilled workers who make the delicate mechanisms which automation requires; for these cannot for the most part be produced by automatic methods.

Thus automation, where it is applicable, brings with it a great change in the labour process—above all for the main body of less skilled, but dexterous, machine-minders whom mechanisation in its earlier stages called for in ever-increasing cohorts. It thus raises a most important psychological problem. How easy, or how difficult, will it prove to find supplies of workers who will be able and willing to remain, hour after hour, on the *qui vive*, never letting their attention relax, though for most of the time there will be nothing at all for them to do except keep watch, so as to be quick in pressing the right button or moving the right lever when they are required to act? How many dials can a normal human being be expected to keep an eye on without failing to observe promptly any sign that may call for action; and how much damage will be done if any such sign goes, even for a short time, unobserved? Perhaps this question is already being studied by some such body as the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, or under its auspices. If not, it clearly ought to be; for on the answer must largely depend the extent to which automation can be profitably applied, and also the methods of vocational training that will be needed when it is applied.

It is also very much a question what level of education will be required of the workers who have to undertake these tasks of observation. Will the large bodies of routine machine-minders who are likely to be displaced by automation be capable, with due retraining, of doing what is called for; and, if most of them will not be, what is to become of them? Are we faced with a situation in which merely dexterous manual labour will become a drug in the market and will be forced to crowd into occupations to which automation cannot be applied, at any rate in the near future?

In other words, will the automatised industries demand less labour in total, but an increasing proportion of the more intelligent young people coming out of the schools and technical colleges, for whom the demand already exceeds the supply? Or will it prove that enough persons whose general intelligence is relatively low will show themselves adaptable to the new tasks: so that the weight of displacement will fall more on those who at present operate machines that call for greater skill? The apostles of automation seem at present to be suggesting that the new processes will require persons of fairly high intelligence and scientific aptitude; but it is not easy to be sure how far this is a correct forecast, and the trade unions most likely to feel the impact of automation are certainly right in insisting on full consultation well ahead wherever its introduction is proposed.

It is, however, clearly wrong to argue that employers wishing to introduce automation should give guarantees that there will be no dismissals as a result. Automation is bound not only to alter the nature of the work required but also to lead to redundancy except where the firm applying it is able to market a greatly increased output; and it is highly important that workers should be prepared in sufficient numbers to change not merely their jobs, but also their places of employment. What would be intolerable would be for the redundant workers from a particular establishment to be simply sacked, without being given the opportunity of retraining for new jobs at reasonable wages and conditions or without being maintained at a reasonable standard till they can move into their new jobs.

Nor can it be left out of account that automation, almost by definition, calls for a large increase in capital investment, whereas the government, in trying to meet the deficit in the balance of payments, is attempting to cut down investment and is thus making it difficult for automation to spread as far and as fast as it would if capital and credit were easier to come by. Britain faces a dilemma. It must, in order to improve its competitive power in the world market, advance in the use of the new methods at least as fast as, or even faster than, its principal trade competitors, but it cannot do this without a considerably increased expenditure on new capital goods: so that it ought to be investing more and not less. One way of doing this would, no doubt, be to cut consumption, especially working-class consumption. Up to a point, this is what the government is attempting to do, by removing subsidies, raising rents, and encouraging at least some increase in unemployment and short time. But such measures will put the workers in the worst possible mood for accepting automation, or co-operating in its introduction, and can hardly be pressed far without provoking a direct struggle with the trade unions, which see both their own power and their members' livelihoods endangered by them. The only remaining source for higher investment in peaceful industry is a drastic cut in arms expenditure, perhaps accompanied by a forthright attack on the luxury spending of the well-to-do out of expense allowances and other windfall gains; but these are clearly not to be looked for from a Tory government which wholeheartedly backs the Americans in frustrating proposals for agreed disarmament and wishes to increase the spendable incomes of the middle classes at the workers' expense.

Investment *versus* armaments? That is the great choice Great Britain is called upon to make; and unless the choice is for investment automation is bound both to be slowed down and, where it is introduced, to be introduced under conditions that will make powerfully against a fair deal for the workers whose jobs and livelihoods it threatens. For, if capital is dear and hard to come by, firms will be all the more intent on cutting their wage-bills in order to offset high capital costs and will do their best to resort to cheap, poor-quality labour, when they can get it, or, when they have to use better labour, to use as little of it as they can, in the hope that competition for jobs will bring its price down.

The time has clearly come for the trade unions, acting together, to take a firm stand, not in order to guarantee that every worker now employed shall continue to find employment in his present factory, but to ensure that, where workers are displaced, they shall be properly maintained, retrained when necessary, and assured of suitable alternative employment under reasonable conditions. The unions need to insist that the state shall either assume the cost of these measures or ensure that the cost falls, not on the workers, but on those who are best able to bear it out of the profits that automation is expected to bring. One step towards this could be the guaranteed annual wage that is already being introduced in some American industries; for this would at any rate help to prevent discharges for redundancy without adequate notice. But this is only one among a number of things that need to be done if automation is not to be misused to the workers' disadvantage, instead of being made a means to the general diffusion of higher living standards, as it ought clearly to be.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

I ACCIDENTALLY ran into Mr. Lang, ex-assistant solicitor to I.C.I., the other night. I saw at once why he was a security risk. His pants weren't striped, his collar wasn't stiff, and his coat wasn't black. He looked the sort of fellow who might read THE NEW STATESMAN, paint, play chess, or take part in other subversive activities. I expect he wears the proper uniform in the City, but M.I.5 would at once see through this subtle disguise. The fact that he was a persistent member of the Haldane Society no doubt tells against him, though less expert intelligences than those of M.I.5 wallahs would expect a security risk to avoid calling attention to himself as a member of a semi-Communist organisation. Personally, if I were looking for spies, I would remember Maclean and search high in the Foreign Office, in Rotary clubs, at the Carlton, or in Moral Rearmament circles. There is strong feeling about the Lang case. Many M.P.s are complaining that the Advisory Board of three retired Civil Servants, devised as a safeguard by Attlee in 1948, has no parallel for cases outside the Civil Service. The Liberals have tabled a motion asking for a revision of the machinery to apply to cases like Mr. Lang's. But how far would this help? Mr. Maudling, the Minister of Supply, made it clear that no advisory panel would have made any difference; he decided off his own bat after talking to security officers. Having initiated something like the American "loyalty purge" we should now notice that the former Senator Cain—once an ardent McCarthyite—has been insisting that the Subversive Activities Control Board should be given power to review individual cases to prevent grotesque abuses. Experience on the Board has convinced him that charges should be made specific, that witnesses should be liable to cross-examination, and that the Board should be empowered to interrogate informers in private. But here, as in the U.S., Security will reply that it cannot permit the nature and source of secret evidence to be known. I take the view of Mr. Cain. There is no reason why an independent board—in our case, presumably, a panel of judges—should not first see the evidence and interview informers. True, responsibility will still fall on the Minister. But the judges should be in a position openly to state their disagreement with him, if they do disagree; in any case, injustice is likely to be mitigated, because the judges would have had the opportunity of assessing the evidence before it reaches the Minister. As things stand, the Minister is likely simply to take the word of the security officer, and once he has agreed to his recommendation the matter will be finished—unless of course, as in this case, the victim is in a position to create a first-class hullabaloo in the House of Commons and the press.

* * *

After his heart attack great pressure was put on President Eisenhower to induce him to run again and thereby enable the Republicans to keep the lease of the White House. This time, after his illness, the heat will, I suppose, be even more formidable. Already the party managers are pretending that this quite serious operation is something that a good golfer can get over in a week or two. Soon, no doubt, we shall hear from Dr. Paul Dudley White, staking his Republican faith—and medical reputation—on the proposition that the President can somehow or other be more in the future than the part-time President he has been for the past year. I hope Eisenhower realises that public interest as well as opinion requires his retirement to the Gettysburg farm. With all his weaknesses, he is a well-intentioned man, and should not be used as a stepping-stone for Richard Nixon's ambition. If Eisenhower does not wish Nixon to succeed him, he must not run the risk of again assuming office, and if he wishes to help his party he had better not put independent voters in the position of wondering whether a vote for Eisenhower may not turn out to be a vote for Nixon. His wisest course would be to persuade Chief Justice Warren to go back on his "irrevocable" decision to retire from politics. Since Warren and Nixon both come from California, this would have the incidental advantage of putting Nixon out of the running, since the constitution does not permit candidates for president and vice-president to come from the same state.

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"Beat, beat, and again beat." After reading K.'s account of the methods used to extract confessions from victims of the great purges, my reaction was—what about *Darkness at Noon*? The subtle psychological pressures described by Koestler find no place in K.'s revelations. Indeed, he calls one of the interrogators, Rodos, "a vile person, with the brain of a bird, and morally completely degenerate"—totally unfitted, in short, to employ any but the most brutal physical methods. But the techniques described by Koestler were undoubtedly used in some cases—notably in extracting confessions and recantations from "opposition" leaders in the early stages. The experiences described by Alex Weissberg in *Conspiracy of Silence* are substantial confirmation. I suspect that such methods were usually thought too slow during the period 1936-8, when quick confessions were required from literally tens of thousands of prisoners. Or is one to suppose K. makes no reference to psychological torture because it does not, in his view, "exceed the norms of party and Soviet legality"? Very much more important, I think, is K.'s failure to come clean about Beria. He suggests that Beria was working for a foreign intelligence group from the moment he first held important office. He accepts the allegation, first made in 1937, that Beria worked for the Mussavat intelligence service, but does not go into any details. He refers to "particularly detailed legal proceedings" used to establish Beria's guilt—but produces no facts. This is in marked contrast to the rest of the speech, where he is at pains to corroborate his charges against Stalin with documentary evidence. Why the Soviet leaders have decided to maintain this charge against Beria is a mystery. If Beria was really a foreign agent (which seems highly improbable) Krushchev would have been wiser to pretend that he was merely a murderer—which he certainly was.

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Among the more interesting figures that decorate the dull laws of supply and demand, I should put Miss Diana Dors. The B.B.C. offered her a "measly five guineas" she declares (though they now say they didn't mention a figure) to appear in one of their "Picture Parade" programmes, which was showing an excerpt from her Cannes Festival film, *Yield to the Night*. She has appeared on B.B.C. Television before, and I doubt that the fee was much different. But now—the B.B.C., she says, "has a sauce." "For a recent four-minute interview on ITV, I was paid 125 guineas." Time was when five guineas would have brought her before the B.B.C. cameras; the twelve million admirers would have been the real bait. But her public is now assured. As an aged friend of mine used to say when his wife complained that he had long stopped paying her attentions: "You don't run after a bus when you've caught it." Still, I hear that some lesser TV and radio personalities (university dons, scientists, famous writers) are beginning to complain that it's time their fees also went up. It is many years now since the B.B.C. started paying a guinea a minute for a radio script which you write and read yourself. It sometimes sounds a lot to the uninitiated, but for the work and time involved in getting it on the air, it compares badly with other fields available to established writers. It wouldn't be enough for me if I became Miss Dors unless, of course, I was too bewildered by the change in my chest measurement to bother.

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Israel has set a precedent in diplomatic exchanges. When she heard that Czechoslovakia had begun to sell arms to Egypt, she sent a gift of 2,000 rose trees to Czechoslovakia's Garden of Remembrance at Lidice. She has recently pressed the point home with a further gift of 2,000 trees. The Lidice Garden is dedicated to Peace.

* * *

The Publishers are in for a shock when they take the field against the Authors in the annual cricket match at Vincent Square on June 20. They are used by now to facing such veteran first-class cricketers as Douglas Jardine, P. G. H. Fender and Ian Peebles. But this year the Authors' innings will be opened by two players who are only just past their world-beating best—Arthur Morris, the Australian, and the new cricketing knight, Len Hutton, whose style of batting is all his own even if he has accepted some help as an author. Francis Thompson might have had such a match in mind when he wrote

For the field is full of shades, as we near the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. Justice Pilcher, dismissing the jury, said he was sorry they had been deprived of hearing two cases by the pacific attitude of the parties.—*The Times*. (Ruth Collins.)

Since 1939, the cost of having a budgerigar cremated and installed in a similar casket has risen from 4s. to 11s. 6d.—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (H. Taylor.)

Miners' teen-age daughters are objecting to father watching TV while he has his bath in front of the fire.

So the Miners' Lodge at Callerton, Northumberland, has appealed to the National Coal Board for bathrooms to be built in the 40 terrace houses which make up the village.—*News Chronicle*. (Mrs. Hart.)

I read with satisfaction of the possibility of Covent Garden Opera House closing because of financial loss.

It is time people realised that it would be better employed as a warehouse. We English are not operatically minded. Let us leave the job of opera to foreigners—they are the only people capable of singing it.—Letter in *Evening News*. (Mrs. J. McWilliam.)

Why the sudden return? "There are personal reasons," says Mr. Snow—who, on previous trips to the South American jungle, calmed threatening natives by singing the Eton Boating Song.—*Sunday Express*. (J. Albiston.)

Whitewashing the White Loaf

IMAGINE a Court of Law in which the counsel for the defence pleaded "My client does not like this law, m'lud, and has deliberately disregarded it," and the judge replied "Tut, tut, we can't have that! We must alter the law. What law would suit your client's convenience?" It would be Gilbertian and funny—if the case at issue did not involve the health and well-being of a nation and the largest and most important single item in our diet—bread.

In the cause "The Millers v. The People," the "judge" was a panel of five scientists, presided over by Sir Henry Cohen (since raised to the peerage in the Birthday Honours), but they rejected the evidence of the nutrition experts produced by the Medical Research Council—the government's own scientific body—of the British Medical Association (representing 56,000 doctors) and the confirmation of the unequivocal success of the National Loaf during the war. They accepted, instead, the arguments of the millers—the admission that since the decontrol of bread they had (to quote the Cohen Panel's own italicised words) "*deliberately disregarded the intention of the Flour Order of* 1953"; their claim that the public wanted white flour; and that flour "enriched" or "fortified" by synthetic vitamins was as good as National flour containing the essential, natural factors. The Panel "killed" the National loaf and decided that the public should pay the millers to take the natural virtues out of the grain and then pay the manufacturing chemists to replace them with synthetics. With an avidity that gratified the millers' lobby, the Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, promptly accepted the Cohen Report, which permitted him to do what the combined advice of all the government scientists had, on medical grounds, refused to sanction. When the subsidy is removed in September, the millers will "enrich" the flour, which their milling impoverishes, by restoring Vitamin B_1, nicotinic acid and iron, and leaving out riboflavin, biotin, pyridoxine and folic acid, constituents of the natural grain which the Medical Research Council and the B.M.A. regard as essential.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the Medical Research Council (or the experts whom it mustered) insisted on the publication of the evidence, which was submitted and rejected; that the *British Medical Journal*, organ of the British Medical Association of which Professor Cohen is a past-President, attacked the findings of his panel and that *The Lancet* in a leading article ("The Millers Decide") said: "The millers have virtually decided the matter for themselves—though it must be pleasant for them to have the government's approval."

At the beginning of the war Sir Jack Drummond (who was later tragically murdered, with his wife and child, in France) fought the battle for "85 per cent. extraction" against those interests which favoured "72 per cent. extraction, fortified." By improved techniques the extraction rate became 80 per cent., giving as good a flour but a better-keeping loaf. This "Drummond Loaf" not only meant that the people got the maximum flour-yield from grain, hazardously imported, but that they got a staple food which was the raft on which the health of the nation depended. It was our proud and proper boast that this nation, in spite of diet-monotony and austerity, emerged from the war a healthier nation than it entered it—a comment, incidentally, on the "bread-and-scrape" days of the hungry 'thirties, when the unemployed and the underprivileged depended on 72 per cent. extraction flour as the mainstay of their vitamin-deficient diet.

The 80 per cent. extraction loaf remained—with a short episode when it was raised to over 90 per cent. That was the time of "Bread Units," when, in 1946, we allowed our supplies of grain to be diverted first to the miners of the devastated Ruhr, and then to avert the famine situation in India. Then housewives (even outside the Housewives' League) complained that the dark loaf did not keep well. That, however, was not true of the authentic National loaf, which remained until 1953 when the millers degraded it. Under the Flour Order, the subsidised flour had to be "either of 80 per cent. extraction *or* be substantially the same nature and contain substantially the same quantities and proportions of constituents as flour of 80 per cent. extraction."

The "or" was a concession to the millers who, when flour was decontrolled, went back to pre-war milling techniques. They produced a variety of qualities and types of flour—selected and mixed from "streams" of different extractions. Whereas the previous National loaf had been "straight-run," the millers were now able to concoct it by mixing "streams." The result was a drop in the Vitamin B and nicotinic acid content of National flour which had nothing to do with the variations in the wheat but (to repeat the Cohen Report) "a deliberate disregard of the intention of the Flour Order."

So the Cohen Panel became "accessories after the fact." After slapping the wrists of the millers for deliberate debasement of a flour for which they have been getting a government subsidy, the eminent gentlemen on the Panel shrugged their shoulders. Since they knew that, after the subsidy ends in September, the government will have thrown away the power to enforce the standards which the millers have derided, they considered it a lesser evil to let the millers have their white bread and, under the Food and Drugs Act, to make them put back some of the vitamins they took out.

The Panel doffed their hats in funereal reverence to the virtues of the not-so-dear departed National loaf and admitted that their recommendations "differed" from the evidence of the government's medical and scientific advisers and the Medical Research Council. And how! Apart from accepting the arguments of milling technology, the Panel was influenced by arguments based on the McCance and Widdowson experiments carried out on hungry German children after the war. The children were fed on the then German rations and on bread of various extraction rates. They grew on the additional bread allowances—regardless, apparently of the extraction rates—*ergo* white flour is as good as National flour. But the M.R.C. evidence, published for the public record last week, shows that Professor McCance was one of the eminent nutritionists who prepared the evidence for the M.R.C. and that he and Widdowson had insisted that the German evidence had no relevance outside the exceptional and particular circumstances prevailing among undernourished orphans in Germany in 1946 and none to the conditions in this country.

The Panel, in plumping for what they call the three "token" nutrients, Vitamin B_1, nicotinic acid and iron, rejected the nutritionists' insistence on the values of other trace nutrients now to be discarded from the flour. The Panel argued that these were available from other sources in the national diet. As the *British Medical Journal* has said: "Many may question the wisdom of the Panel in its assertion of the principle that a defect in one staple article of food can be tolerated because it will be made good by other components of the diet. . . . Each food should be given its own defence against loss of nutritional value." Or, as *The Lancet* has said,

> To the nutritionist and layman alike, it seems obvious that, before someone for reasons of convenience, alters the character of a staple food, the onus lies on him to show that the change at least does no harm; but it seems as though the modern food-processor thinks himself entitled to do what he likes with his product—after which the onus lies on someone else to prove his process dangerous or damaging.

Or as Lord Hankey told the House of Lords, "This bread, in the end, means more work for the undertaker."

Surprisingly, for a panel of scientists, the Cohen Inquiry naively accepts the millers' case that there is a public demand for pure white flour although the report's own figure shows that in the third quarter of last year 99.2 per cent. of households bought National bread and only 0.8 bought white. (This is a significant comparison with 1953 when white bread was re-introduced and 4.4 per cent. went over to it. The proportion has declined ever since.) The Panel explain this discrepancy between the facts and their views by pointing out that the National bread was subsidised to the extent that the cost was 7½d. for a 1¾lb loaf while the white loaf cost 10½d. or 1s.—meaning, to a family of five, a saving of 2s. 6d. a week. What does that mean? Only that the white loaf, riding high, wide and handsome, without any subsidy or competition, will cost more than 99.2 per cent. of the people now feel they can afford, and that they will be compelled to buy it in spite of the fact that it will be both expensive and deficient.

RITCHIE CALDER

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Fleet Street Notebook

SOME time ago in this column I expressed the opinion that the real function of the popular press, and its justification against its superior critics, is not that it has any judicial capacity but that it acts as a minefield through which authority is forced to walk with circumspection in hourly fear lest some illiberal step brings an explosion. I seem to have overpraised it. It is no part of my business to pass judgment here on the Lang case. I am concerned with newspapers. But this is the first instance in this country of the exercise of government pressure to force a large industrial undertaking to sack one of its top officials on the grounds of "guilt by association" because his wife was once a Communist. And the press reaction seems to me a matter of the highest significance. I am quite prepared for there to be a difference of opinion between newspapers on this matter. I am far from expecting—or even desiring—that the whole of the press should take the same view of it as I do myself. But what seems to me dangerously disquieting is that a large part of the press has apparently no view at all. To put it at its very lowest, this is one of the most startling manifestations we have yet had of the power over the individual now vested in M.I.5. Yet many newspapers have regarded it as completely unworthy of comment.

Consider the history of this case. The threat to I.C.I. that unless it dismissed its assistant solicitor, Mr. J. H. A. Lang, it would get no more secret government contracts was first disclosed by the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* on June 5. It was taken up as a news story (with the additional information that it was to be raised in Parliament) by all other newspapers the following day. Only two of them, the *Herald* and the *Mirror*, made, however, any leader comment, both highly critical of the government's action, both pressing for further information. The following day the *Mirror* returned to it with a forceful attack by Cassandra, "The Deadly Smear," and the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Worker* published critical leaders. *The Times* published a highly "balanced" one in which it pointed out that so far only Mr. Lang's side of the case had been heard but concluded that the time had come for the Prime Minister to report to Parliament on the extent to which security tests are now extended beyond the ranks of government service—an invitation the Prime Minister has not yet accepted. Those defenders of the liberty of the individual, the *Daily Express, Daily Mail, Daily Sketch* and *Daily Telegraph*, made no comment at all.

They have maintained their silence. I just generously assumed that they were holding their fire until the government's case had been stated in reply to questions in the House. The Minister of Supply was questioned—the Prime

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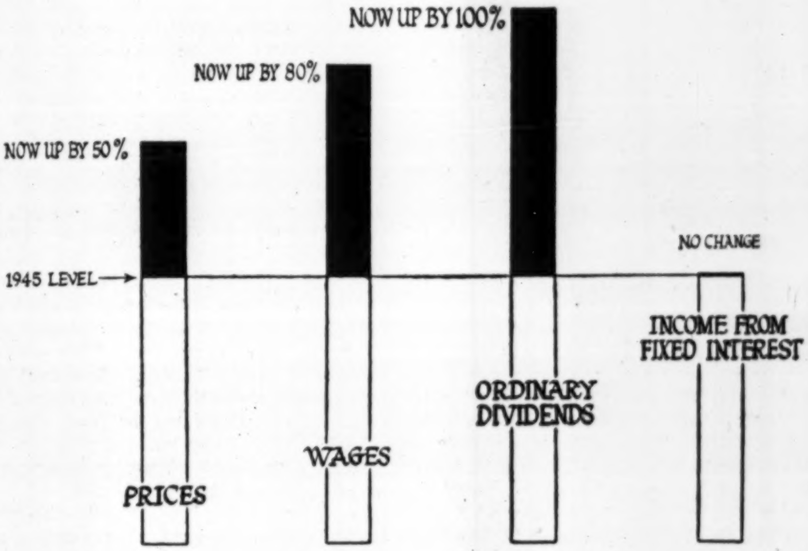

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Minister having decided that he would not answer himself—on Monday. I opened the newspapers on Tuesday eagerly. The *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald* devoted their principal leading articles to the case expressing their sense of disquiet and pointing out the dangers to freedom in vague charges unsupported by any evidence on which the public can judge. The *Daily Worker* was, as was to be expected, indignant. For the rest, silence. The *Telegraph*, the *Mail*, the *Express*, the *Sketch*, so easily roused to crusading fervour on so many causes, had still nothing whatever to say—whether in criticism or mitigation—of the government's defence of this unprecedented act. (By Wednesday, the *Mail* did at last get round to it: it said that there was no case for "widespread uneasiness." The *Express* and *Telegraph* kept their lips sealed.) The Sunday papers were equally reticent, although with questions in the House down for answer on the Monday no one can pretend that the case was not one of acute public interest last Sunday. Only one Sunday paper, the *Empire News*, dealt with it. I have been critical of the *Empire News* on several occasions. I am glad to acknowledge that on this occasion it put the rest to shame.

The complete silence of so large a part of the press takes on an even more curious light when one compares it with what happened in the case of Lady Garbett and her farm. The decision that she had proved unfit to farm her land and must give way to a more competent agriculturist in the interest both of national food production and her neighbours brought the now silent press to her defence in full force. There were feature articles, angry leaders. "Monstrous powers of tyranny", thundered the *Express*.

I think that although the action against Lady Garbett has been shown to be justified the press was right to raise it and to demand all the facts. But if it was right to make a noise in that case, how by any true standard of public interest and the critical function of the press in modern society is it possible to justify the complete disinterest shown in the much more serious issues raised by Mr. Lang's dismissal? Perhaps the answer lies in an indignant comment by the *Daily Telegraph* on Lady Garbett's removal from her farm: "The whole right of the ownership of private property is involved." It begins to look as though I ought to rewrite my reference to the press as a minefield. Perhaps it ought to read, "A minefield triggered to go off only in carefully selected instances when the interests of private property are touched." It seems a sad comedown. I often find myself in disagreement with the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*. But I admire their journalistic enterprise. I had not until now suspected them of being quite so circumspect in the exercise of it.

Incidentally, I am informed that the *Telegraph*, which I recently criticised for being the only paper to make no mention of the extremely important report of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council on "Sexual Offenders and Social Punishment," did in fact mention it in a late edition published at 4 a.m., to the extent of a 5-inch paragraph down column on an inside page—about a sixth of the space devoted to it in, for example, the *Express*. This seems to me to make the criticism of the *Telegraph*—usually so good a paper in sheer news coverage whatever its opinions—not less but more justified. I had previously assumed it just possible that by one of those accidents that sometimes befall the best papers it had missed the report altogether. But it had the news, and it deliberately decided to accord it only this meagre treatment.

Francis Williams

Patron into Client

Artists are naturally much concerned with their patrons; and we have heard a good deal of patronage of late. We have had the admirable "Seasons" exhibition of the Contemporary Art Society; we have had the "Industrial Britain" exhibition sponsored by the steel firm of Richard Thomas and Baldwins; we have the L.C.C.'s decision to buy works of art for its schools. We have also had a biography of Samuel Courtauld and an exhibition in memory of Lady Ottoline Morrell. But too often the whole subject seems falsely presented. Patronage of the fine arts gets spoken about as if it was a form of charity; as if we should take off our hats to such gracious condescension. It becomes almost cynical to suggest that these people get any benefit from the works of art which they buy, and when an eccentric like Mr. L. S. Lowry speaks of his patrons as "my clients" it sounds improper.

This interpretation of patronage is bad and dangerous, because it affects the potential customer. Critics have often insisted that the municipalities, the great private and public undertakings and the state itself must now replace church, court and aristocracy as sponsors of the arts. But they have forgotten to say why. To pay for art is presented as a social duty, with at most a warning—historically unjustified—that societies without art are bound to collapse. And so we drift into the idiotic position that people start buying works of art which they do not really want. They have no criterion of their own; they can only aim at supporting those artists who the pundits say are worth supporting. Art's function becomes that of more or less glorified advertisement.

We need a new approach. Instead of merely advertising for fresh patrons we should think more about the tasks which the fine arts can fulfil in our society. We should grasp the power of modern art to enlighten and enliven, and relate it to the drab muddle of the towns, factories, offices in which so many Englishmen have to pass their days. The "new vision" (to use Moholy-Nagy's expression) must not be reserved for picture galleries and art books; it should be turned on our old familiar surroundings and show how they can be brought to life. Modern art, as the 1951 South Bank exhibition showed, is quite capable of creating at least the appearance of a brave new world. The fine arts are an important tool of civilisation, and they happen at the moment, with their colour and simplicity and decorative force, to be well adapted to the most urgent tasks. They are less suited to being shut up in a collection, whether public or private, or to being put in any compartment where they are cut off from the immediate problems or life.

The interesting experiments in the arts now are conducted on a different level from those of forty and fifty years ago. They are made not by the artists but by a few enlightened municipalities, universities, churches and other corporate patrons, and they are experiments in the scale and application, the whole social function of the arts. It is these that need to be made known to our potential patrons, until it becomes a point of pride, or of duty to the community, to follow suit. So far there has (I think) been no publication among our myriad glossy art books which collates these experiments—Caracas University, for instance, the chapel at Assy, the Brancusi sculptures at Targu Jiu, the factory at La Mure decorated by the abstract painter Patricx—and makes it at all clear to the average councillor or bishop or company director what the fine arts can do. They cannot be expected to commission work when they do not understand what the possibilities are.

And they must not risk making fools of themselves. This means that modern art has to be presented not as a dangerous and spiky set of extremisms, intelligible only to the expert, but as something plain and coherent. The -isms can be left to American D. Phil. students: our critics ought to look rather for the mid-stream or modern art, the generally accepted channel to which half-a-century's experiments have more or less contributed. At present this stream seems to break up

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or go underground after the 1900's, so the public patron is nervous of commissioning anything more modern. He should be told how false the antithesis between modern and academic has now become, and shown how, aside from all novelty or latter-day "originality," such middle-of-the-road contemporary artists as Faistauer, Kokoschka, Josef Herman have risen to the big-scale decorative scheme. After fiascos like the Unknown Political Prisoner the public patron is naturally afraid of getting a freak.

So there is a twofold task of enlightenment for whoever cares to undertake it. And much more can be done by persuasion. The Council of Industrial Design has set the example: by getting manufacturers to use our best designers and then persuading retailers to stock the result it has established good design as a worthwhile element of our economy and of our domestic life. The same principles can be extended to the fine arts. Public bodies can be encouraged to compete in their application, perhaps even for an annual award. Film and television art directors can be asked to show good works of art as part of the Good Life; the manufacturers of china ornaments, the makers of fancy boxes, and picture departments of the big stores can (perhaps) be persuaded to raise their standards. The Arts Council at least ought to pursue a more active policy, and try to work the fine arts into the fabric of our everyday existence instead of confining itself to the field of exhibitions. And something should be done to ensure that government departments and national corporations themselves set a higher standard in their use of the arts. British Railways, for one, could do with fresh inspiration.

Some people fear that if the fine arts are used instead of being merely patronised they will come under the influence of the ignorant and or politically minded. That is a risk that has to be taken; it cannot really be wrong to ask that art should serve obvious human needs, and it is better to have a demand based on art's capacity for giving pleasure than one that is infected with snobbery and condescension. Nor does the artist need all that much protection against the new clients: there is stimulation in any genuine demand, and although it may lead him to modify his style that need not be for the worse. Picasso, Léger, Lurçat, Dufy all surpassed themselves in large-scale works for public bodies, and it is hard to think of any artist whom such commissions have injured.

"Which," asked William Morris, "Art or dirt?" Morris, so often misinterpreted as an apostle of art for craft's sake, saw very clearly the social use of art, and unlike the Russian philosophers he saw it as stemming from beauty and pleasure, rather than from the literal morality of the subject represented. We should learn to look at the problems of art and patronage from this neglected point of view. Here we are, a visually alert society (cinema, television, comic strip), whose physical surroundings cry out for some element of fun and beauty. If those who shape these surroundings do not see the necessity for the fine arts, and if the rest of us do not make them see it, it does not mean that the need is not there. We are simply misunderstanding the power of art, and wasting our resources. Art becomes channelled into the committee room, the private collection, the municipal museum, and the man who creates it is left puzzled as to the sense of his own work. But if we can learn to treat it as one means—a relatively cheap means—to better living we can transform the face, and with it the whole atmosphere of this country. We need to become clients, not patrons. The optimism and lightness of our best artists, their seriousness and strength, are within everybody's reach.

JOHN WILLETT

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The Individualists

The little organisation of Signora L. is not affiliated to any other charitable body or to the Church. Every Tuesday she convenes her ladies to discuss the distribution of hot-water bottles, blankets, woollens and medicine in their chosen district. Every Friday she drives her baby Fiat, crammed with cardboard boxes, to the *ambulatorio* which is her distribution centre, just off one of the most monumental of Rome's piazzas.

"The Romans," she says, "are the most irrepressible and individual people on earth. When the Germans were here some of our resistance leaders rode by the barracks on bicycles, hurled bombs through the windows and pedalled away. When the Germans decreed that no more two wheeled vehicles should appear on the streets, the next day all the bicycles were tricycles. That's what these people are like."

On Tuesdays Signora S. has a list of the local *disgraziati* and their requests. These "unfortunates" are those aged, unemployed and sick, for whom no provision is made and who are entitled to no benefits among the confused and multiple provisions by state or employer. But all have the *tessera della poverta,* mark of utter destitution.

"Giorgio M. wants a new pair of glasses." (Giorgio lives in one unheated room with his wife—they are both in their seventies—on five thousand lire a month, just under three pounds.) "He can't need glasses, he neither reads nor works."

"Maddalena B. wants a jumper to send to her daughter in the reformatory, she says she isn't a bad girl but complains of the cold. That girl was always a trouble, always causing street fights."

"Old Maria T. wants a hot-water bottle. Strange, since there's no water where she lives. Ah well, give it to her just the same."

An unemployed carpenter writes asking for a loan of a little capital to start work again. He hasn't even a shack where he can set up his tools. No money is granted for this kind of thing, but one of the ladies remembers seeing a gap in the wall down some neighbouring alley where he could start. All he needs to do is put a board across the front for a counter. Many tradesmen work like that.

Now Signora L.'s fine face becomes grave. Angry. She passes a letter to the Treasurer, a portly lady in tweed and feathers. The letter has no address at its head. "Most honoured Signora," it reads, "Everyone is very grateful for all that you do round here, but you must know that it's no good giving hot-water bottles to people dying of hunger and cold. Why can't the government do something about unemployment and free medical aid for everyone in our district? Your husband is an important man. Can't he do something about it?" The Signora raises her eyebrows; it is always the same cry—they are never satisfied with what one does. As for unemployment, of course it used to exist in this district, but it was never so overcrowded. What did it was all those people pouring in from the South and from the Albano villages.

Friday morning—distribution day—there is not much doing in the monumental piazza. Only a couple of stray shepherds from the Romagna, left over from the Christmas season, play their *zampogne,* the mountain bagpipes, in front of one of the most expensive restaurants in Rome. In the *ambulatorio* the doctor is standing by. Soon he will go round to those who cannot move and give medicine where it can help. He has been *medico condotto,* serving wherever there is a claim, for twenty-six years in this district. The group in the corner moves forward as the Signora arrives with her load of boxes. The Signora is beautiful in a leopard-skin coat, with her long grey hair tied up in a black velvet ribbon, but they would like to get this business over as soon as possible. One old woman cannot remember why she has come. Has she a summons? Yes, apparently she had asked for a jumper. Now she sees the hot-water bottle she would rather have one of those, but there are not enough.

A couple in the corner are quite decently dressed. The young woman is pregnant, and dreadfully pale. The Signora offers her a chair, but she is too anxious to sit. The young man with tinted red-yellow hair, a calm dark face, and with a smile that quivers always on his lips, is her husband. He has no work, they live with her parents, she explains. He is not trained for anything but so few people are, but there must be something he could do, now that there will be the child. The Signora says that she will try. They thank her so gratefully; it is almost too easy to get rid of those, but what can you do?

As the Signora is ready to leave, since there are no more parcels in the corner, a haggard man rushes in. His wife is ill again, in pain, she needs the medicine. "The doctor, Signora, will give her no more medicine. Why? She is still ill, he still has the prescription." He thrusts the dirty paper almost into the Signora's face. "It is no use appealing to me against the doctor. We work together. I have complete confidence in him." "But Signora, my wife, there is no one to look after the children. He gave me the medicine before!" "Speaking to me is the same as speaking to him." The man ignores her and repeats the word medicine over again. He is unshaven and his clothes are falling off him, in contrast with the others who looked decent and fairly clean. But his wife has been ill for months, there was no one to tidy and groom him to go to the *ambulatorio.* The Signora has a moment's consultation with the doctor, who has kept his face averted since the man entered. The woman is dying, it will soon be over. Others need the drug more badly than she.

Signora L. drives back to her deck over Rome. The view is a distraction when she works but she is used to it now, she only sees it afresh when she shows it to visitors. At the moment she is working on a translation of *Eminent Victorians,* and she has done some Sterne too. She loves the English language, though she speaks it haltingly. But one can hardly criticise the English in their own language, so she lapses into Italian from time to time. "Of course, your National Health Scheme and so on is all very well for people who are used to being drilled. But it wouldn't work here. We Italians are far too individual, you see. One couldn't fit us into a pattern as one can the English. *Per carita!*"

Naomi Shepherd

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The Arts and Entertainment

Prague Spring—II

The richness of Prague's musical life is shown by the fact that this city of about a million inhabitants has six or seven orchestras. Besides the famous Czech Philharmonic, which is shortly to visit England under its regular conductor Karel Ancerl, there are the Prague Symphony, a couple of radio symphony orchestras (Czechoslovak and Prague), the Film Symphony Orchestras, an Army Orchestra and the "Chamber Orchestra without Conductor." Perhaps there are more; I began to lose count. Not all these were to be heard while I was in Prague; but I can vouch for the excellence of the Chamber Orchestra and for the splendid qualities of the Czech Philharmonic. In the playing of the latter I noted a rare spirit of enthusiasm, a complete absence of any sense of routine, and especially the fineness of the woodwind. As in so many continental orchestras, the horns are not the equal of our own best players; but the orchestra's first flute delivered his great solo in Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* with a technical assurance, a refinement of phrasing and a luminous beauty of tone that would command attention anywhere. Another Prague instrumentalist of the first rank is the clarinettist Vladimir Riha, who produces an even flow of full, honeyed but always clear tone and is wholly free from that coquetry of phrasing which is the besetting sin of the clarinet virtuoso. Together with the Smetana String Quartet, a first-rate group who play everything by heart, Riha gave an entrancingly beautiful account of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet.

The performance of *Daphnis* just referred to was conducted by Antonio Pedrotti, an Italian well known here, who made a most favourable impression not only in the Ravel, but in Beethoven and in Bartok's Third Piano Concerto. The latter was played by Annie Fischer, one of a notable succession of international pianists which has been a feature of the present Festival. Mme Fischer is a Hungarian with a formidable technique and a decisive style which is masculine rather than feminine, though it is not in the least aggressive. She is said to have played romantic music very finely at her recent Wigmore Hall recital; and, after her surpassingly brilliant Bartok and her masterly and highly personal reading of Beethoven's Third Concerto, I can well believe it. Both Julius Katchen and Monique de la

Bruchollerie, neither of whom I managed to hear, were notably successful in Prague; but the pianist who aroused the most intense excitement there was unquestionably a middle-aged Russian named Svjatoslav Richter, already familiar to Czech audiences. Owing to a passing indisposition, Richter had to cancel his engagement to play the Third Beethoven (which in consequence Annie Fischer took over); he later gave Beethoven's C major Concerto at a concert which I could not attend, and devoted a memorable recital wholly to the sonatas of Mozart.

Richter is among the greatest pianists now before the public. If Mme Fischer's technique is formidable, with Richter one scarcely thinks any more of technical questions, although fellow pianists are liable to gasp from time to time at some apparently effortless feat of precision and control. His style—so far as can be judged from Mozart, and from two lightly thrown off Beethoven Bagatelles among his encores—is classical, serene, unruffled, but alive in every bar and every strand of polyphony; the pedalling extremely light, the touch miraculously even, the tone consistently round and full. He is that rare thing: a highly individual pianist devoid of eccentricity. Imagine a Schnabel with infallible fingers and no hint of didacticism; or a philosophical Horowitz. To hear such a player in four Mozart sonatas is rather as though one's entire experience of Elena Gerhardt should have been concentrated in a Mozart Lieder-Abend. I can only hope that Richter, together with his wife, who is one of Russia's leading concert singers and whom he accompanies, will before long pay us a visit in England.

During the latter part of the Festival the instrumental programmes paid more attention to the Czech precursors and contemporaries of Mozart than to the music of our own time. A chamber concert in the Waldstein Palace, presenting mainly music of the older generation of living composers, was notable for the Reicha Wind Quintet's fine performance of a Quintet by Frantisek Broz; this is a work in the happiest traditions of Czech music-making, written with a very light hand, and combining polyphonic skill with a keen feeling for the tonal possibilities of the medium. Enquiries about the younger generation were met sometimes by the frank admission that no outstanding talent had lately appeared; more often by a reference to the 47-year-old Slovak, Eugen Suchon. Suchon's *Krutnava* ("The Whirlpool"), the outstanding post-war operatic success of Czechoslovakia, has already made some headway in Germany, where it is known as *Katrena* (like *Jenufa,* after its heroine). A complete recording of the opera is available in Prague; so far as can be judged from this, *Krutnava* is a powerfully dramatic piece of work, effectively laid out both for voice and for orchestra, and rich in local colour, but harmonically rather restricted by an obsession with the interval of the augmented fourth.

The Czech nation is lucky in possessing a dozen or more solid operatic favourites, mainly by Smetana and Dvorak, which, however little they may be known abroad, will always fill a theatre in Prague. There is naturally a certain monotony about these works, which nearly all deal with either peasant humours or the heroic past—a monotony which traditional and sometimes decidedly stale productions do little to dispel; but the music maintains a wonderfully high level of tunefulness and resource. Particularly lively and charming are *The Jacobin* of Dvorak and *The Secret* of Smetana. The latter's *Kiss* has a no less delectable score; but the plot consists almost exclusively of the momentous question, "Will-she-won't-she, will-she-won't-she give her boy a kiss?" drawn out to an intolerable length. *The Two Widows* is an intimate and beautifully composed ensemble-opera—as it were, Smetana's *Cosi*—which plays, exceptionally, in a more elegant milieu, but contains episodes for a pair of comic servants which seem like a concession to operetta taste and could easily, and advantageously, be cut. *The Bartered Bride,* renovated a year or two ago, and conducted with loving gusto

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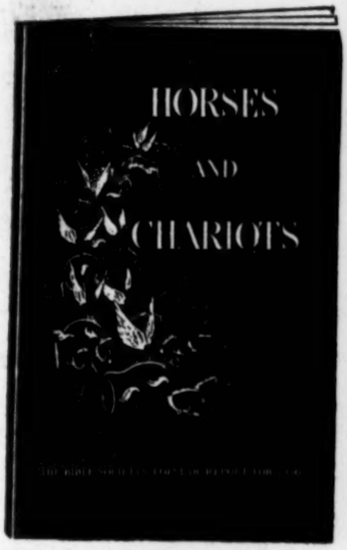

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by the veteran Chalabala, provided an enchanting, intoxicating experience: it looks and sounds an altogether stronger, sharper, more zestful and more brilliant affair—above all, in its dancing—than either of the relatively pale and prim versions we know in London. On the other hand, I hope that we shall soon have at Covent Garden a more vivid *Jenufa* than the tired, ineffective and for the most part poorly sung performance which I saw at Prague. Some of the leading Czech singers whom we learnt to admire just after the war from their excellent records and broadcasts have plainly been worked too hard, with the result that their voices show signs of fatigue; and the standard of the younger generation is none too high. There are exceptions, such as the lyrical soprano Tikalova and the tenor Jidek, who make a delightful pair of lovers in *The Bartered Bride*; and there are some splendid artists among the older mezzos, baritones and basses, especially those who specialise in character roles. But all, young and old alike, suffer to some degree in the dramatic side of their work from a lack of freshness and vitality in the stage direction.

On the way home I chanced to hear two unusually fine Janacek productions in Berlin; Felsenstein's brilliant *Cunning Vixen* at the Komische Oper and Werner Kelch's deeply moving *Jenufa* at the Städtische Oper. It must be said that such productions as these make most of the work of the Prague régisseurs and designers look dowdy, provincial and superannuated: in the whole business of stagecraft the German stage at its best is a clear generation ahead of its rivals, not only in Czechoslovakia, but in England too. I hope to write elsewhere in more detail of these two productions, as well as of the many masterpieces of Czech dramatic music, which—whether well or ill staged—I rejoice to have been able to hear on their native hearth.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Arabian Nights

IT couldn't be better sited. You stalk through the Trafalgar Square pigeons—if you dare; past an empty plinth from which some unremembered general has fled, and on which, in the circumstances, you might expect to find a Charlie Tramp coiled in the lap of Lady Big Screen; and there you are, at London's liveliest, prettiest exhibition, *Sixty Years of Cinema.* (*Observer* film exhibition, made in conjunction with the British Film Institute and Cinématique Française.)

Into Hampton's old showrooms on the corner have been squeezed fancy, imagination, oddity, living memory, the ubiquitous present. The entrance, before even one has paid, brings a thronging of sprites volant; cherubs—but they are grown up, in work clothes, turning cameras, aiming lights. Then one is gloomed, facing silhouettes of the Prophets: those who foresaw, without seeing, Cinema. They include Lucretius, a Ptolemy, and who's this? Ibn el Haitham, who—we are told—described a camera obscura. Leonardo, inventor of so many things, found also that hole in the wall, known to children, that will project upside-down a sunlit scene. But we must come back from shadow to substance: here are two young ladies with a smile selling catalogues.

A rotunda; and in the ceiling revolves a Phenakistoscope or Zoetrope showing, through flickering slots, a child patting a ball, while round are bright inset stages of shadow puppets from China and Java, early strip cartoons requiring a twirl. We press a button: a plaster bird flies. "Oh!" exclaims a gentleman, belonging to the place, or the place to him, "you've all started the wrong way round—*anti*-clockwise, please!"—and begins pasting up numbers in the right order. Few of us retrace our steps, but we appreciate the gesture, and perhaps all exhibitions—and especially those that hope to set us off dreaming—should be artfully unfinished. One is never quite certain, in the rooms ahead, whether to take the left wall or the right.

The vista of room beyond room beyond room, and at the end a fair booth with a curtain lifted to reveal the flickering screen beyond, has crowded about us with Lumière, Méliès (more brilliant today, it may be, on paper—here's the paper), and by this time we are all—keen, elderly ladies from the provinces, selective pansy pairs, stout Yorkshiremen with mackintoshes, ordinary lovers, fleeting museum types, and myself, a film critic three or four days late—all pretty well engrossed by our surroundings. Some of the stills are docketed, others not. Can you tell a Bessie Love from a Betty Blyth? Someone will enlighten you. Whether these gaps in helping the average visitor round are intentional or not, one wonders; and later, we encounter blank walls, lights unlit, outlined but unfilled corners. These trailings off set one's mind going. What is this? What will be here? What has been left out? I find myself travelling back along paths of self-discovery: not enough early comics, Chaplin, Keystone, Keaton. I'd like to recollect, but there's no café for the reminiscential, not even a chair. We must go on looking at still after still, some enormously enlarged, proceed from room to room, supplying not only our own memories, but sometimes our own captions, and here we are at the Griffith staircase.

Oh, I remember sweating out *Intolerance* in Notting Hill, falling in love with Lillian Gish and visiting *Way Down East* at the old Empire a score of times, tracking down one *Exciting Night* to the Biograph in Victoria, which I still gaze at in passing, though it is reformed in all but its programmes which are old and sensational.

And so to "Hollywood in the Twenties" and "The Film as Art"; and by this time all of us with a movie history in ourselves are tracking it down. There's a family just ahead—mother, daughter and son—and the first two seem to have been attentive film-society goers, while the boy picks on details—Napoleon, after Gance—and says, laying a finger, "I'd like to see that." "So you shall," says Mamma, restraining a daughter more sophisticated; and so no doubt he will. There is a cinema here, where one may step from the still to the quick.

Sound envelops us, and a haunting night skyline of New York; and then experience comes in cohorts—the Film as Art, the Animated Cartoon, the various national movements. In the French room I seem to know almost every film represented: a street from *Sous les Toits* starts the projector turning in my head. Japan provides a startling extension of one's interest. The half-dozen masterpieces one may have seen have here a background of audiences going back to 1897 (enlarged print), native Keystone comedies of 1910, and stills from Kurosawa and others, fascinating in themselves: a small white figure overtopped by lowering factory shapes, two lovers embracing in a rain that slashes the smooth photograph like a razor. Everyone has his avenue of escape and discovery, of undreamt hope, and mine is, as a filmgoer's, Japan.

There is much more: the Wapping-side English room, disappointing only in many of the films that must be there celebrated; the huge collage of the Stars at Home, each intent on his or her lunatic dream; the clash of Great Popularity and Great Art, with slogans scrawled on the walls; Eisenstein's face on a bill head staring out at us with the intensity of (would you believe it?) Theda Bara; the make-up saloon and the props room in all that underground devoted to How a Film is Made; Charlie's *City Lights* suit, the sock worn by Pudovkin in *Mr. West Goes to U.S.S.R.* I came away with my head reeling—so much seen, such muddle and delight. Whitebait, who was with me, and means rather grimly to go back, would have preferred more order and less fling, film first and staging last—which wouldn't have been at all Mr. Richard Buckle's way—and he may be right, but—we've argued it between us and I just manage to sign myself

G. W. STONIER

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Through the Gate

If a critic wants a reputation for soundness, he should never use a superlative about one of his contemporaries. However, Keith Vaughan's new exhibition of landscapes and figure paintings at the Leicester Galleries is superb. There are broader, more ambitious, more original (to use the adjective of the bitch-goddess) artists alive today than Vaughan. But in this show of thirty oils there are twenty canvases communicating visual sense and experience, complete and consistent, and for which anyone with an eye can only be profoundly grateful.

Vaughan has developed slowly, learning mainly two things: how to compose, and how to find in the male human body the ship, the tree, the animal, the cathedral, the man, that awaits discovery there—and it *is* deft, patient discovery that each of these awaits, not, as some anarchic artists believe, blasting total liberations, for that can only destroy both the whole and the tentative possibilities of all the other images. The word *compose* means something rather vague and small by itself. The bigger the swing of a gate, the stronger the post, and the clearer the ground around it must be. Every square inch of the surface of a picture is like a gate, sometimes almost static, sometimes swinging ninety degrees right into the picture. The posts and the ground from which these gates swing are invisible, but they must be constantly reckoned with in the way the whole picture is arranged. In a badly composed picture, the gates jam or their weight pulls them off their hinges. In a well composed painting—and this image of a gate was directly suggested by Vaughan's new picture—everything, literally, opens and shuts.

Vaughan started off as a romantic painter concerned with atmosphere and the evocative human gesture. More recently he has experimented with a Cubist analysis of planes and forms. In these new pictures the two aspects combine. They have a literary element of mystery, but, by virtue of their hard, pared-down drawing and composition, they also have great formal calm. His *Woodman in a Clearing* evokes the same kind of combination of emotions as Giorgione's *Tempest*.

More specifically, the visual excitement that Vaughan communicates is of two kinds. In his figure paintings (*Lazarus* or the bobbin-like *Bather* from which the light is wound off as he invisibly moves), he is concerned with visual metaphor. That is to say that he wants to show how a small plane, falling in the hollow of the collarbone, is identical in angle and direction to, say, a plane that rises, slightly on the inside of the thigh to the kneecap, a = a. But the equals sign that connects them hasn't only a geometric validity; it also represents the indivisibility of all the nerves, impulses and desires of the entire body. The miracle, at which Vaughan wants us to marvel, is that during every fraction of a second that equation is adjusted in order to remain true.

In his landscapes Vaughan is concerned with something even more difficult to describe verbally. He wants to emphasise how the masses and planes of the buildings, trees, hills, of a scene are subject to the same unifying laws—such as the force of gravity: that they come together rather than fly apart: and, at the same time, that it is the light that appears to aid and keep moving this centrifugal unity—as though it were the light that turned the windmill. To achieve this poetic vision—and Vaughan does—is technically very difficult, for it means combining the most sensitive, direct tonal observation with formalised structure; it is like being simultaneously concerned with the turning mechanics of a mill wheel, and with the way the light is reflected in the drops of water as they fall off each blade.

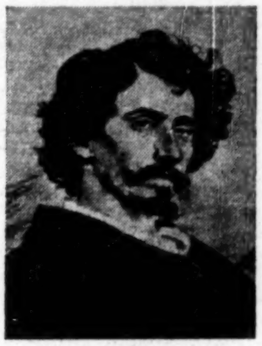
At the same gallery there are also some watercolour sky, sea and landscapes by John Marshall. All of them are quick, observant of the way light attracts light, calligraphic, semi-accidental in parts and very skilful in others. The ones that succeed are those that are well drawn.

Patrick Heron is showing some new canvases at the Redfern, which are rather different from his previous work. They no longer rely upon Braque-like formalisations and are both more arbitrary and more abstract. Each canvas is an overall pattern of loose brush jabs, marks and drips, deriving from a kind of Impressionist memory of flower beds and sunshine. They are gay and pleasant in colour, and the sensations they convey could only have been recorded by a trained and sensitive eye. They could be adapted for many decorative purposes. A girl could make them lovely as a summer dress. But they have nothing to do with Veronese or Monet or Renoir, because, although each of these artists was concerned with pleasure, they all realised that *sensations* are not enough to build a picture upon. The trouble with these paintings, though it would shock Heron to know it, is that they are too literal. They are the æsthete's obverse of the seedman's catalogue. They try to reproduce not the subject but the sensation of it too faithfully. Sensations become experience only when examined. Heron should remember Monet's advice: "No one is an artist unless he carries his picture in his head before painting it." These have only been carried on the retina.

John Berger

Family Reunion

It is really most unfair when writers not only write their own works, but write critiques of them as well; it threatens our living. Still, the only honest thing to do in addressing oneself to *The Family Reunion* would be to quote verbatim pages 27-31 of Mr. Eliot's lecture *Poetry and Drama*, where the poet says virtually all there is to be said in criticism of his play. However, to do so would threaten in turn the living of his publishers Messrs. Faber, so I will refrain—merely referring to that lecture anyone who really wants to know what to think about it. I myself had forgotten



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quite how fully he had analysed its defects as, watching the play the other night in Mr. Peter Brook's admirable revival at the Phoenix, I was describing it to myself as quite the most impressive old bore in the repertory. Mr. Eliot had anticipated the judgment, though not in those words; too modest to use the epithet (much less the superlative), yet he certainly implies the noun.

He implies too the same reason that I was suggesting to myself for the comparative failure of the play. The poetry in the serious parts is quite irrelevant to the action; it is applied work; it is, in his own words, a series of fantasias, of interest—indeed of great interest—to those already predisposed to enjoy his poetry for its own sake but dramatically speaking strictly irrelevant. This is true of most of Harry's part and of his Aunt Agatha's too, and this makes up the bulk of the serious poetry. On the other hand, where the poetry is related to the action in the familiar verse of the family quartet and in the Mother's part, Mr. Eliot achieves, so it seems to me, just that fusion of the poetic and dramatic which in that lecture he is praising in Shakespeare. The Mother, at the close, has a truly beautiful poetic speech which brings her instantly into dramatic life. Nowhere do either Harry or Agatha succeed in finding the same fusion of the two elements. Mr. Eliot says that when he sees the play now his sympathies are all with the Mother and that he finds Harry an insufferable prig. Personally I don't find him alive enough to deserve so precise a description, and I would transfer it rather to the Aunt Agatha, who with her knowingness and her irritating habit of being always in the right deserves to be so described—though that was hardly the poet's intention.

A play then in which the protagonist, with about half the poetry in his mouth, is described by his author as an insufferable prig whose lines bear little relation to the action, is bound to be something of a bore. Yet the play is impressive too, and illustrates the great advantage of basing oneself on an accepted myth. The overtones of that myth sing through it, and some meaning filters through the muddle. Then Mr. Eliot is particularly successful with that brand of dry humour which he was to develop in the later plays; the minor characters entirely come off and even the device of speaking in unison—which he is doubtful about—seems to me to be successful here.

The present production has many virtues. I think Mr. Brook misses too many good jokes in his anxiety to keep the rhythm of the verse. But that apart, he has staged it imaginatively and sympathetically and with as much clarity as the text allows. It is beautifully acted. The Harry, Mr. Paul Scofield and the Agatha, Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies have, as I have implied, an impossible dramatic task, but both speak their poetic fantasias with real feeling for the words. Dame Sybil Thorndike has a different sort of opportunity and she takes it superbly; her crumble into the edges of death in the last act is as beautiful a piece of acting as is to be seen in London at the moment. The rest of a strong cast are admirable in support.

T. C. Worsley

Bleeding Hearts, c/o BBC

Among the most interesting of the television programmes soon to be summer-rested (its last appearance till the autumn will be on Thursday next) is the BBC's *Is This Your Problem?*

This is the sort of programme which represents, especially to those who have not seen it, much that is objectionable in TV: it is supposed to be a mawkishly sentimental exploitation of people's private anxieties, a temporary escape from reality for the anxious, a meretricious substitute for sensible discussion with their own friends and professional advisers. Moreover, it has received, especially in its earlier days, a good many adverse criticisms. "Embarrassing" was a word often used of it.

Not having seen it for some time, I watched it again last week. Three problems were dealt with: (1) A woman wanted to know what to do about her 15-year-old daughter, an unsociable and "difficult" child, apparently jealous of a brighter and prettier younger sister. (2) A man going blind asked for advice on psychological and practical adjustment to his future state. (3) The non-practising Anglican husband of a Roman Catholic wife asked what he was to say when their child (being brought up RC) started asking why he didn't go to church with them. Should he, against his convictions, become an RC too?

These are serious personal problems. To many it will seem intolerable that they should be "produced" on TV for the entertainment of millions—and strange that the people concerned should choose this way of tackling them. Yet this is not precisely exhibitionism, since the inquirers are not seen (except as an ear or the back of a head round the wing of a high chair) or identified; it does seem that many people would rather discuss their intimate worries with independent, intelligent strangers than with their own relatives or doctors or parsons. It must also be said that the atmosphere of the programme is as serious as the problems themselves—not at all that of a panel game—and that the expert advisers taking part in it are of a quality not readily accessible to everybody with a worry. In addition to Mr. Edgar Lustgarten (the worldly-wise barrister and writer), they normally consist of a psychiatrist (high in his profession), a parson, and a third man who is usually one of those dedicated unofficial public servants like Mr. J. F. Wolfenden or Sir Basil Henriques.

Last week, to help with the case of the man going blind, Sir Ian Fraser was called in. He and the others gave, I thought, admirably sound, unsentimental and stimulating advice. This could have been a painful exchange to watch: there was no lapse of taste, no wallowing. All the same, it does seem odd that this client should have sought advice on purely practical aspects of his affliction—lists of societies and so on—which he could surely have got from his own doctor or many other less exalted sources than the BBC.

I gather that the mail from those who want their problems exposed to the public view in this way, after reaching fantastic proportions at first—swollen, no doubt, by letters from all sorts of tragically, but impossibly, insane applicants—has now settled down to a steady several hundreds a week. There are dozens of interviews; but only three cases are dealt with each fortnight. On the whole, those chosen are of types likely to be fairly widespread. But the programme does not, of course, appeal only to those with similar problems. It has a high rating. There is a *voyeur* in most of us.

Through sheer cowardice, I have so far dodged mentioning the person who is (with Mr. Lustgarten) chiefly responsible for this programme: Miss Edana Romney. I can't quite make out what is wrong with me and with other critics who have commented disobligingly on Miss Romney's performance. She is, it seems, indispensable to the programme: she does the preliminary work, she sorts the cases, she is said to have a genius for drawing people's stories out of them. She introduces and sums up the programme itself, and, if she has "glamour," what, necessarily, is wrong with that? Her supporters compare her with a doctor's good-looking receptionist—good for the patient's morale. Without her, the panel would look a rather drab bunch of social workers.

Yet, somehow, harsh as it is to say so, she seems to me to be the programme's only false note. She is so overwhelmingly "sweet" and "tender," so consciously the ministering angel; and so unrelaxingly tense. I am assured that, though she is a competent actress, in this programme she is "not acting": she really feels, deeply and sincerely, with her patients. Perhaps it would be better if she acted a little more, if she wore her creditable compassion up rather than on her sleeve: just a dash of lemon-juice with the oil would make her a more acceptable dressing to this salad.

Tom Driberg

Correspondence

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SIR,—Your leading article, although soundly motivated, contains some unsound propositions. The Dockers' decorative Daimlers were not "expenses" in the sense that this word is used for tax purposes: they were "deductions from profits."

This distinction is of major importance. If "expenses" are disallowed by the Inland Revenue the onus of paying additional tax lies on the individual concerned; where "deductions" are disallowed the tax is payable by the company. The long-suffering camel whose back was broken by Lady Docker's £5,000 straw was not the Tax Inspector—it was the Board of Directors of B.S.A. The Tax Inspector merely stated that he would not allow this item as a deduction from B.S.A. profits, whereupon the Board, properly fulfilling their duty to the shareholders, passed the bill back to Sir Bernard for his personal attention.

The Labour Party, if it wishes to place before the electorate a fair, balanced and attractive policy designed to counter tax avoidance, should do two things. On the one hand, it should devise legislative machinery whereby the element of personal benefit in expenditure classed as "deductions from profits" may be assessed on the individual concerned in lieu of the employing company. Such measures would very largely curb socially unjustifiable conspicuous consumption.

On the other hand, the party should put forward proposals to ameliorate the harshness of the law as it now stands with regard to expense allowances claimed by individuals. Existing provisions have the disadvantage that they do not hit the target at which they were primarily aimed. The Docker case highlights some of the methods whereby the top executives of the business world currently avoid the impact of "expenses" legislation. Those most often hit are the salaried members of the middle-class and some sections of the working-class.

In the course of professional practice I have had to fight many expense claims on behalf of individual taxpayers. The test applied, and most vigorously adhered to by the Revenue, is whether or not the expenses claimed are wholly, necessarily and exclusively laid out to enable the taxpayer to pursue his occupation. This definition is far too narrow. Even some Tax Inspectors have told me privately that they consider it to produce unfair and unjust results in many cases.

As an example, take the case of a taxpayer's costs of travelling to and from his work. This expenditure is not allowable. The dictum of case law is that the taxpayer's place of residence is entirely a matter of his own choice. If this proposition ever were true it is certainly untrue in present-day conditions. With suitable safeguards attached, such expenditure ought to be allowed.

If the Labour Party merely puts forward proposals to counter tax avoidance it will add to the number of its antagonists. If, however, it also puts forward proposals to liberalise the present position with regard to expenses, it will, by doing what is right and just, not only preserve its own integrity, but also add to the number of its supporters.

76 High Street,
Bedford.
J. N. PARROTT

THE SUNDAY STAR

SIR,—I have been a reader of the NEW STATESMAN for some thirty years, and am very disturbed to find in an informative article on a matter of which I have intimate personal knowledge many statements which are just not true. It is not a question of interpretation, but of simple fact.

In Fleet Street Notebook, on the subject of the proposed new publication, *Sunday Star*, Mr. Francis Williams states:

1. Hulton Press applied to the N.P.A. and were told that they would be admitted to membership only if the publication were handled by the newsagents at the terms applying to the other Sunday papers.

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newsagents would not handle this publication at the same terms as existing Sunday papers of the same price. On April 24, at a meeting at which I was present, Mr. Vernon Holding, of Hulton's, stated that they had not yet approached the N.P.A. for membership.

2. Mr. Williams refers twice to an agreement on terms between the Newsagents Federation and the N.P.A. There is no such agreement. Sunday papers are handled by the retail trade at terms decided by the N.P.A. and against which the Federation has protested for many years.

3. The newsagents refused to accept the *Sunday Star* as a Sunday newspaper, and that Hultons met this case by producing evidence that it would be.

On January 26 Mr. Holding was asked if the publication would carry sports news and football results, and he said that it would not. Bearing in mind the importance of this information to the public, can Mr. Williams seriously argue that a publication without it would rank as a Sunday newspaper?

4. "The Newsagents Federation then altered its ground," and would not handle because of terms.

We stated quite clearly that we objected to the *Star* as a periodical on Sunday, and that as a Sunday newspaper we objected to the terms proposed. There was no changing of ground, our attitude was consistent from the beginning.

5. "The Federation demanded a discount of thirty-three and one-third per cent. instead of the normal twenty-five per cent."

At no time were Hulton told that we required this discount, and I challenge Mr. Williams to produce one piece of evidence of this statement. In fact, we offered to handle at less than one-third.

Perhaps Mr. Williams is one of those who believes that if a supplier introduces a new product the retail trade should be compelled to handle at the supplier's terms with no right to object.

Mr. Williams offers the advice that the Federation should negotiate a new agreement with the N.P.A. and then apply it to all publications new and old, thus betraying his complete ignorance of the details of our trade. Nothing would be more welcome to us. We have been trying to get better terms for Sunday work from the N.P.A. for many years, and would be only too happy to handle at reasonable terms any publication issued. Our present Sunday terms are below those applying to other days, a situation which our members feel to be unjust.

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The Times Literary Supplement

Lutterworth

It seems from the similarity that Mr. Williams has formed his article on the statement issued by Hulton Press, and has chosen to repeat its several inaccuracies without asking for our Federation's version of the facts. I shall be very interested to learn on what date he approached our general secretary for our side of the case.
A. W. Kingsley
National Vice-President,
National Federation of Retail Newsagents,
Booksellers and Stationers.

[Francis Williams writes: "Facts first. (1) This is a quibble. Formal application for N.P.A. membership was not made simply because Hultons had been advised earlier that they must first get the newsagents to accept the *Sunday Star.* (2) When is an agreement not an agreement? The newsagents have been working on the N.P.A. terms for years. (3) Sport is wonderful, but heaven forbid that the only test of a newspaper should be its football results. As for the rest, Mr. Kingsley has already been answered—by the general secretary of his own Federation in a statement published in *The Times* of June 1. 'The question of whether the *Sunday Star* would have been a real Sunday paper or a weekly publication was largely an academic question . . . the Federation had decided it will not accept any new publication on terms less than those applying to normal weekly publications' (i.e., periodicals, not newspapers). And finally: 'In the Federation's view Sunday newspaper circulations were at their peak and if a new one was brought out it was of no advantage to the retail newsagents because readers simply transferred from one to another.' The retail newsagents are in favour of freezing the present newspaper structure. I am not. I think the newsagents may well have a case for better terms. But if so they should apply it to all, new and old, and not make it an excuse for barring new newspapers."—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

TWELVE AND SIXPENCE

Sir,—Critic is in error in supposing that a motorist will loose his no-claim bonus if he claims the 12s. 6d. payable for treatment necessitated by accidents with motor vehicles; the payment by the company of this fee will not in fact affect the bonus, the explanation given by the insurers being that this is a statutory fee which they are compelled to pay as part of their functions under the Road Traffic Acts.

Five years ago my motor cycle skidded on a wet wood-block road in the City, and deposited my fiancée and myself, bruised and shaken, but otherwise unhurt, in the gutter; at the urgent entreaty of the attendant City Police constable, we were taken to hospital, and the (undamaged) motor bike was "lodged in the City Greenyard." By the time we were released from the hospital, my fiancée having been given a cup of tea and an aspirin, while my bruised leg was X-rayed from every possible angle, it was much too late to reclaim the motor bike, and indeed we only just caught the last train home.

My insurance company paid without question the 12s. 6d. each for the accident treatment we had received, but not until I had furnished them with complete details of the accident, and declared that I was not going to make any further claim from them. I was, of course, the financial loser from accepting hospital treatment; I had to pay our train fares home, more fares for myself to the City to collect the motor bike, and the fees for the "Lodgement and Safe Keeping" [*sic*] of the same in the Greenyard.

If I am unfortunate enough to have another accident, I shall certainly try to avoid going to hospital myself, but I would not begrudge any other injured parties their treatment at an insurance company's expense.
J. R. Green
Welham Green,
Herts.

AGE OF CONSENT

Sir,—Critic's objection to the C. of E. Moral Welfare Council's recommendation that there should be a uniform age of consent of 17 years is based upon emotion and not upon fact.

1. A youth is biologically adult in his late 'teens and experiences at that age both maximum potency and possibly maximum sexual desire. (Kinsey; Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S.; *Practitioner*, April, 1954; and others.)

2. There is no evidence whatever that an experimental homosexual act undertaken by a consenting youth aged 17-21 years can be the cause of a life-long homosexual tendency.

The normal youth will find the experience distasteful and not repeat it. The boy with homosexual tendencies will inevitably discover the existence of his homosexual tendencies sooner or later. It is preferable for society that he should do so before contracting an inevitably unhappy marriage which involves a wife and perhaps children.

3. It is a distorted view which maintains that an unmarried girl of 17 years is sufficiently mature to accept the responsibility, not only of the physical and psychological trauma of pregnancy for herself, but of illegitimacy for her child whilst demanding punishment—possibly imprisonment—for a youth of the same age who commits a homosexual act which will cause neither himself nor any other person permanent harm.

Why, unnecessarily, create a class of potential criminals amongst youths aged 17-21 years? Homosexual incidents, usually experimental, always have and always will occur at this age. Punishment will always cause more lasting damage than the crime.

4. For the protection of youth against seduction by older and more experienced persons it would appear to be logical to provide for punishment of any person over the age of 21 (male or female) who commits a homosexual act with a person below the age of 21 years.

Medical Practitioner

[Critic writes: "I entirely agree with the excellent amendment proposed in the final paragraph of this letter."—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

Sir,—Mr. Dugdale writes, "But is it not possible that Africans, too, may be sensitive and may not want to go to a university where they are segregated?" Mr. Dugdale is obviously quite out of touch with the situation. It so happens that I participated in some of the early discussions with both Europeans and Africans on this issue of the university residences. I have yet to hear from any African in Central Africa any objection to separate residences, in the first place. The fact is that at present almost all young Africans and Europeans in this area feel as shy of each other on first acquaintance as though they were man and woman. Both would prefer in the first instance the basic privacy which is suggested. Let us not forget that even in London an African government has recently bought a house so that its own students may live separately here. Dr. Adams and his supporters are initiating a revolution in the social life of Central Africa. Their efforts will be weakened if we add to the strong opposition with which they are faced in Southern Rhodesia, and if we thereby isolate them from the support they should be receiving in this country. Their policy is to insist upon free inter-mingling in all the essential sides of university life. If they succeed in this effort it will not be long before inter-racial shyness is broken down and the students themselves ask for inter-racial hostels. Provision is made for the change then to take place. Such a policy, based upon genuine voluntary desire instead of imposition, can stimulate healthy conversion to genuine inter-racialism. It is supported by both Africans and liberal Europeans. It deserves the support of Socialists here.

Socialist

Sir,—In your article "A Slight Case of Apartheid" you seem to ignore completely the problem of which group is to abandon its customary habits of diet, resting, bathing, etc., which would inevitably become necessary if all eating and living arrangements were shared by African and European. I suspect from the tone of your article that you would consider it desirable that the Africans should be forced to abandon all their habitual customs and foods for the sake of "integration". This can be interpreted as an insult to Africans, whose preferred foods, manner of eating, hygiene, etc., though customarily different to those of Europeans, are not therefore inferior.

The Athenæum,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

GEOFFREY GORER

RELIGION ON THE AIR

SIR,—The B.B.C. have only themselves to blame if doubts are felt about their sincerity in implementing the declared policy of the Governors on Religious Broadcasting in 1947. Since the uproar over Mrs. Knight's broadcasts, their timidity in permitting the expression of humanist and freethought views has been obvious. There seemed a chance that bolder counsels would prevail when recently they invited the Secretary of the National Secular Society to state the case for atheism in a television programme, even though he was restricted to 3½ minutes. But evidently there were second thoughts, and after the talk had been filmed and apparently approved, it was suppressed without any adequate explanation.

It is worth recalling that all members of the Beveridge Committee on Broadcasting agreed on the following statement: "It is essential that the broadcasting authority in allotting opportunity for venting controversial views should not be guided by simple calculation of the numbers who already hold such views, or fear of giving offence to particular groups of listeners. Minorities must have a chance by persuasion of turning themselves into majorities." We are surely entitled to know whether the B.B.C. accept this view and stand by their own 1947 declaration.

J. REEVES,
Chairman, Rationalist Press Association.
H. J. BLACKHAM,
Secretary, Ethical Union.
J. HENRY LLOYD,
Honorary Secretary, Humanist Council.

THE RUINS OF AFRICA

SIR,—In his interesting article on "The Ruins of Africa", Basil Davidson mentioned radio-activity tests on the timbers of Great Zimbabwe, tests which seem to put back the date of the building to the 8th century. Further light has been thrown on the question by a South African tree expert, R. A. Galpin. He has pointed out the danger of believing automatically that the date of the wood determines the date of the building since the wood at Zimbabwe is tambootie (*spirostachys africanus*). This wood is used for building in its *dead* state, and sticks, furniture and ornaments are traditionally carved by Bantu people of tambootie wood which may have been dead for centuries. They fear the living tambootie, since a poisonous caustic latex spurts from a growing tree, when chopped, and may cause blisters on the skin or even blindness if it touches the eyes. Galpin feels that the Zimbabwe logs were probably therefore dead tambootie that happened to be lying about at the time. Galpin himself used dead tambootie for the doors and windows of his own house built in 1937. A geiger count, after the manner of the Zimbabwe tests, would suggest, he says, that the house had been built in the Middle Ages.

Last year Dr. A. C. Hoffman and Dr. A. J. Meiring, of the National Museum at Bloemfontein, expressed their hope of proving that Zimbabwe was the work of the Bantu, a theory, as Mr. Davidson points out, now held by many experts. The builders may well have been such a Bantu tribe as the superior VaRozwi or the MaKaranga, who moved south from Lake Tanganyika, where they may have been in contact with Mediterranean or Asian influences.

Tracing Africa's past is indeed a worthwhile undertaking and distinguished South African scientists, such as the late Dr. Broom, Raymond Dart, van Riet Lowe and Hoffman have and are contributing much. Hoffman and Dart have announced their hope of leading a scientific expedition into Central Africa this year. Its principal task will be to trace the origins of the Hottentot people.

ROY MACNAB
Cultural Attaché

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Trafalgar Square,
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Summer Books Supplement

THE WRITER AS A TRAVELLER

I DISTINGUISH first of all between the traveller who writes—Bates or Waterton on the Amazon, Doughty on Arabia—and the professional writer, the novelist, the critic, the poet who travels. And among these we can see the difference between the generations if we compare Maugham with Lawrence; or Lawrence with Auden, MacNeice, Isherwood and Graham Greene; and the difference in nationality when we compare Hemingway and Edmund Wilson with Aldous Huxley. In Edmund Wilson* we have, in any case, the kind of travelling writer who is weightier than the man of letters, broader than the critic, which England does not now produce. He is—all American writers are—a continental. He is an alert voluminous American, in the rational fundamentalist tradition of William James. I do not put him among the travellers impelled from within, but among those who will themselves into movement with a strategic purpose, which is partly professional, partly temperamental.

The impelled writing-travellers are spasmodic in their appearances. Byronism was one impulse and we can see its roots in the Napoleonic war. There were the same motives in the neo-Byronism of the Thirties. There was Clough's travel-poem-notebook in 1848. Revolt against the modern cerebral world was D. H. Lawrence's case; and since his time, the travelling writers have broken out because the world has broken in. The modern educational journey is not the Grand Tour but the territories of the *Grand Débâcle*: Orwell in Spain, Auden and Isherwood in China. To have the talent of a Hardy or a Jane Austen and remain in one place would now require strength not to say obduracy of character; yet, in fact, if such writers could be found now they would probably be more "contemporary" and show as much fidelity to the realities of modern life as those made restless by the guilt of ignorance or the dread of being disengaged. For some it is proper to be restless in a restless world; it is not improper for others to record that there is no such person as "modern man" aware of all the tragedies of his time. We are also affected by what we are unaware of. It is a characteristic of our life that the imagination must fail; that there are insentient places called Buchenwald, Korea, Cyprus, the labour camps and—as Mr. Edmund Wilson was astonished to notice on his way to Haiti—the kind of thing that goes on in Miami: a scar grows over these things in our hardened minds.

Yet, to be on the move is the dominant characteristic of our civilisation. If they have done nothing more, millions of ordinary people have travelled out of their class or their forecastable lives; they have crossed frontiers in their own countries, and the appetite grows with eating. Lawrence's journey from Nottingham to Germany, Italy, Ceylon, Australia and New Mexico, springs from the dramatic loss of any faith to be found in his locality; it was a pilgrimage in search of a shrine which kept moving on. Perhaps too much has been made of that pilgrimage. British imperialism was one result of people breaking out from the claustrophobia and the littleness of this exquisite island which is over-endowed with the taste for authority and law. Again and again, the English travellers are the English rebels, the disestablishers, who have fought hard against the charm of conservative eccentricity and who have feared not to know the world. It is too odd not to have been continentalised at some period of one's life: today that means to accept a non-provincial training, to be considerably Russianised, Africanised, Americanised, or Asiaticised. All the same, it is a safe bet that any English village is packed with more people who have direct experience of other continents than any of the villages of the new, standardised mass societies which have, indeed, been carefully cut off from knowledge. In the long run, English madness has had its points.

The impelled-traveller depends as much upon the equipment that he takes with him as upon what he sees. To Africa, from Livingstone to Gide and Graham Greene, have gone the sin-eaters; in the tropics, the gross outrages of nature, the cannibal pools of stacked-up crocodile bellies, the poisonous tree, the whirligig of insect murder, have been matched by the outrages of man upon man. Conrad wrote of "the heart of darkness"; Graham Greene speaks of "the past from which one has emerged". We are back among the horrors of the womb. Africa, he says in *Journey Without Maps,* is astonishing in that it is not strange:

> Freud has made us conscious, as we have never been before, of those ancestral threads which still exist in our unconscious minds to lead us back. The need, of course, has always been felt, to go back and begin again. Mungo Park, Livingstone, Stanley, Rimbaud, Conrad represented only another method to Freud's, a more costly, less easy method, calling for physical as well as mental strength.

Did the explorers know "the nature of the fascination which worked on them, in the dirt, the disease, the barbarity and familiarity of Africa?" Greene's own real fascination is that of any *writer*: he idealises and wishes not to idealise the man of action. Writing stands between him and pilgrimage as a way of life. He is Hamlet, the reporter. From our point of view, these speculations of his, like the outcries of Lawrence, are chiefly important for what they provoke. Countries are well-described when they have become an intense experience in private life. He may be quite wrong, but the wrongness of human beings is their vivid distinction. We can be glad that Lawrence got the Mexicans wrong.

These impulses tell us more, of course, about the kind of country a man comes from than about the country he visits. What a burden has been lifted off man, Edmund Wilson felt, when he left the Zuñi Indians, with their collective life and their fulfilling of purgative religion, by simple, conscious, friendly American individuality. The American variant becomes clearer in Ernest Hemingway. Romantic, of course; liable to conversion; a seeker of alien people who know how to live; a Childe Harold of the bottle. We cannot doubt the effect of Spain on him. Yet his equipment is the technician's. He has the American instinct for being quick to seize the way things are done and marvels when he sees what they are done for. Hemingway, like many Americans, has been a user of countries. He travels to collect "know-hows." He used Spain to teach him the technique of bull-fighting and the utility of death; Africa to teach him how to hunt big game and the utility of the finer senses; the Caribbean to teach him how to fish and be idle. Practical action leads him to intimate experience of these places and, in his thoroughness, there is a sort of innocence and single-minded faith. It owes nothing to contemplation. He is not the spectator; he gravely participates. In this, he strangely approaches the naturalists, like Bates or Hudson. He has, unlike most travellers, something to do; and has, or affects to have, few opinions. One does not feel that there is the guilty shadow of the writer lying between him and his subject. He is relaxed. A natural traveller, he is thinking of more places.

He points to a fundamental difference between the European and the American travelling-writer, which is brought out most strongly by the contrasting cases of Aldous Huxley and Edmund Wilson. They are educated men, impelled by the new encyclopædic impulse. They are novelists, critics, historians, scholars, thinkers—whether original or not—their fields are wide. They are exceptional in being compendious and in this resemble Victorian writers who found no knowledge alien. But the Englishman is intense, effervescent, speculative, changeable, sweeping, individual and ego-centric; he has read up the Mexican cities, the population questions, the genetic questions, everything, in advance, and arrives on the scene assuming we must know what he knows and are as ready to speculate and assert as he is. He has capital enough to afford levity. He is even vulgar. He is inexhaustible, and when he sits down, it is to think of places where there is new knowledge to acquire. Turn to Edmund Wilson's *Red, Black, Blond and Olive,* four long accounts of the Zuñi Indians (New Mexico) in 1947, Haiti in 1949, Russia in 1935, Israel 1954 and we have a clear, deliberate, unemphatic, impersonal narrative. There is no intensity. Relaxed and with the care of the learned technician, Mr. Wilson takes one through the anthropological detail of the Zuñi religion, through the complexities of the life without colour bar in Haiti; in Russia he has the serious, documented fidelity of a phlegmatic diarist who tells precisely how things were done or were said, as close to fact as a Hogarth engraving the *Industrious Apprentice*. Critics have often complained—I do myself—that Mr. Wilson is careless about his style. This, I suspect, to be the pose of an extremely sensitive man, but it is also the habit of one whose great gift is for thinking, laying foundations, for the accumulating of evidence and for putting his finger sharply and dramatically on the important facts and issues. *To the Finland Station* and *The Wound and the Bow* are imaginative and expository works. Part of their exceptional effect comes from the disclosure, line by line, of the means of working. And there is intensity; but it is in the choice of subject and in the feeling behind the choice. When Huxley the traveller assumes we know, Wilson is seen in the process of clearing ground, finding out minutely, shrewdly and working up to his massive effect. A note of disparagement in his voice sharpens the edges; it is that note one has heard so often in the voice of the technician; but in his case it has another authority. It is the authority of his continuous impulse as a traveller and a writer, his concern with the growth of the idea of a collective society (Marx) and with the human disaster (Freud). He is the positive, rational, travelling-writer whose travels are not a search, but a statement of the excitement of the cumulative importance of research and the collecting of evidence. As time goes by, he has become the Johnsonian figure of Anglo-American letters. He is the only living critic with a sense of history. To travel with him is to see what will and method can do; to stoically dispense with the inspiration of personal distress.

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* *Red, Black, Blond and Olive.* By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 25s.

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DENT

Variations on Travel

Italian Bouquet. By NATALA DE LA FÈRE. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s*.

Where the Turk Trod. By ANTHONY RHODES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s*.

Germany. Edited by DORE OGRIZEK. *McGraw-Hill.* 30*s*.

Swiss Spring. By GARRY HOGG. *Museum.* 17*s*.6*d*.

Royal Chateaux of Paris. By VIVIAN ROWE. *Putnam.* 25*s*.

The Happy Invaders. By J. F. BURKE and WILLIAM LUSCOMBE. *Hale.* 16*s*.

Italy. By H. JOHN WAY. *Nicholas Vane.* 4*s*. 6*d*.

A Fortnight in Tuscany and Umbria. By GORDON COOPER. *Percival Marshall.* 3*s*. 6*d*.

To be genuine, the desire to travel should be a passion and a disease. It surpasses the normal conventions of living and at the same time cannot achieve them. Beyond any stated purpose, such as the discovery of buried cities, lost races or islands, there is joy in the very motions, hardships and surprises of travel.

However, one must not forget the fortnight traveller, the one who plans, months beforehand, how to "get away from it all," and who does not sink into the lap of the monster travel agencies who whisk him smoothly from cathedral to grotto, from museum to volcano. How well I remember a man who formed a member of a travel-agency party of which I was courier, and who begged me to get him away from the smart hotels and the views and the routine mosaics. Gladly, one night, I took him all around the slums of Naples, and he wanted to stay there for the rest of his life. "It would be truth," he said.

For such travellers, with limited time and a desire to "feel" the country, I would recommend Gordon Cooper's *Tuscany and Umbria* as a sincere, common-sense guide, although he seems somewhat too bitter about Florence. "I think you would be well advised to skip the Pitti and the Uffizi," he says. *Italy* by H. John Way should also be useful to the hurried traveller, mainly owing to information about Customs formalities, shopping hours and tables of distances. It is sloppily written, in travel brochure jargon, where nearly everything is "colourful."

For the more immersed traveller, with time as his friend, there is *The Happy Invaders* by J. F. Burke and William Luscombe. This is a description of travels in Denmark in springtime. It is the kind of travel writing I do not take to, composed in the form of letters beginning "Dear Joan" and "Dear Kay" and ending "lots of love John." Some of the incidents and information are interesting, no doubt, but the attitude seems to me condescending and hearty, and quite uninvolved.

Vivian Rowe's *Royal Chateaux of Paris* is a very well-documented study of Vincennes, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Saint Germain-en-Laye and other royal buildings in the purlieus of Paris, and much to be recommended to the lover of France and its monuments. Then for the general traveller, with plenty of time and money, there is *Germany*, edited by Dore Ogrizek—a pretty thorough guide to the country, packed with slightly facile illustrations, but providing a short-cut into its history, literature, art, industry and customs—and Garry Hogg's *Swiss Spring*, which I found disappointing, full of *Wanderwegs* and mountains and spotlessness. It is quite a long book describing the journey of the author and his wife through the Vaud, the Rhone Valley, Ticino and the Engadine, and I found it rather like reading a glacier, but this may be my fault, and it should be very useful to dogged travellers, since it possesses maps and splendid photographs.

At last I come to two books written by complete travellers, and what a relief it is to sense the surrender of routine personality, the sly observation, the feeling of wonder. The first of these, *Italian Bouquet*, is by Natala de la Fère, who imposes a kind of mischievous, kindly charm on her collection of travel experiences in Italy. It is gentle stuff, but moving and funny, and somehow reminds me of Peter Mayne's *The Alleys of Marakeesh*. In Florence a butcher falls madly in love with her and invites her into his refrigerator. She demurs (if that is the right word) and he proceeds to sing, exquisitely, a song of his own composition, brandishing a carving knife. A crowd collects, applauding. At the conclusion, the butcher presses a huge rump steak into her hands. "It is a gift," he gasps, tears running down his cheeks. In another episode, she finds herself taken to her room by her hostess, an ageing contessa, accompanied by a horde of poultry, geese, cats and dogs. "Have some with you for the night," invites the Contessa. A splendid book.

The second book is *Where the Turk Trod*, by Anthony Rhodes; though often amusing, it is a serious study of the Moslem community in Bosnia, that rocky, blood-soaked land where Bogomils, Catholics, Turks and Austrians exterminated each other with relentless enthusiasm, which did not abate until after the Partisan risings in the last war. Armed with introductions, Mr. Rhodes undertook his journey into Bosnia on a horse, accompanied by a Slavonic Mussulman called Riga. They visited Mostar, Jacje, and Sarajevo, joined a ridiculous bear-hunt (an extremely well-told episode) and on one occasion the author was nearly arrested for apparently stealing an over-affectionate goat. His portraits of the Bosnians, whether Moslem or Christian, are excellent, and he makes a masterly analysis of the confused situation existing in a country where nearly continuous religious ritual conflicts with an energetic Five Year Plan, already building schools, cultural centres and factories. This is a delightful, coolly written book, and I have only one complaint. Why no map?

ANTHONY CARSON

Beyond the Pyrenees

Blue Moon in Portugal. By WILLIAM and ELIZABETH YOUNGER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s*.

Grapes and Granite. By NINA EPTON. *Cassell.* 21*s*.

Roman Spain. By F. J. WISEMAN. *Bell.* 18*s*. 6*d*.

Introducing Portugal. By CEDRIC SALTER. *Methuen.* 18*s*.

A Fortnight on the Costa Brava. By GORDON COOPER. *Percival Marshall.* 3*s*. 6*d*.

A Fortnight in the Balearics. By GORDON COOPER. *Percival Marshall.* 3*s*. 6*d*.

Spain. By H. JOHN WAY. *Nicholas Vane.* 4*s*. 6*d*.

Majorcan Holiday. By S. P. B. and GILLIAN MAIS. *Alvin Redman.* 15*s*.

By *Guide Michelin* standards, this bunch of travel books on Spain and Portugal resemble one of those dreary *départements* of northern France which return dozens of Communist and Socialist deputies, but where stars (and even knife-and-forks) are few and far between. I've often felt sorry for the *Michelin* inspectors who get the northern circuit; how they must long to move south, like bored diplomats in Moscow waiting for a posting to Rome. Here we have ten books, scarcely one of them "worth a detour," and few even "a good meal for the district." However, *Michelin* inspectors are always thorough and conscientious, even when doing Lens or Lille; so here goes, in descending order.

First, the Youngers on Portugal. A good, average travel book—the equivalent, perhaps, of *confort cossu*—with useful maps and some handsome photographs. The authors are knowledgeable, painstaking and scholarly, and write with precision and elegance. They cover the entire country, from the Port-wine district of the Douro to the savage coast of Algarve in the south. Every important historical monument, church or piece of statuary is mentioned, and most described at length. There is a mass of useful information on Portuguese food and hotels, a brilliant description of the Port industry, and an excellent chapter on

Italy for Beginners

GEORGE MIKES

Author of *How to be an Alien*

"Covers everything from manners and politics to shopping and beautiful women. David Langdon supplies inimitable sketches." *Edinburgh Evening News.* 8s. 6d.

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Studies of Eight Roman Buildings

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"Mr. Lees-Milne . . . is sensitive, well-informed, civilised, like many other critics, but, unlike them, he really understands architecture." CYRIL CONNOLLY in *The Sunday Times*. *Illustrated.* 17s.

Valleys of Springs

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The Grand Duchess Xenia contributes a foreword to this revealing and moving eye-witness account of the last days of the Romanoffs, and the rescue of the survivors by the author's ship. *Illustrated.* 18s.

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The famous crime reporter of the *Daily Mail* lifts the lid off the seething cauldron of villainy and corruption contained in London's vicious circle today. *Illustrated.* 15s.

The Touch of Pitch

A novel by the author of Dare to be Free

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"It chills the spine with the greatest efficiency, and the terrible thing about it is that for the most part it is true." *Truth.* 13s. 6d

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Frank Swinnerton BACKGROUND WITH CHORUS

A study of the literary fashions of the first 20 years of this century. *A Telegram to the Author:* "My holiday made perfect by Background with Chorus stop Hasten other courses in what is for me a glorious feast stop." *Wilson of Bumpus.* 18s.

Barbara & Eric Whelpton SUMMER AT SAN MARTINO

The little Italian fishing port of San Martino has in fact been created, but the imaginary characters that we meet on the quayside are just as vivid as if they really existed. With frontispiece and 8 illustrations. 16s.

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Book Society Recommendation. "The work of a most gifted writer . . . it is quite remarkable, this quality of informed passion, which keeps the story moving and carries the inevitable doom of its characters to an appropriate conclusion." *Richard Church.* "A book for the connoisseur." *Frank Swinnerton.* "To say this novel recalls the work of both E. M. Forster and L. P. Hartley may convey some idea of its rare quality." *Daniel George.* 16s.

Lion Feuchtwanger RAQUEL: JEWESS OF TOLEDO

A dazzling, many-splendoured novel of the Spanish Crusade . . . of the Jews caught between two opposing forces and of Raquel, the beauty who saved them from destruction. By the author of *Jew Suss.* 16s.

Ivan Roe THE JESTER OF GOD

The Jester of God is the legendary patron saint of a remote village in the South of Italy. Gossip has it that he once stole away a convent-girl. An Englishman is aroused by the story and resolves to disentangle the threads of legend and fact. 12s. 6d.

Julian Ward NO MEDAL IF I DIE

Tense thriller of secret service in "peace-time." An agent disappears and Michael Reynolds is sent to track him down. He is pursued, tortured and almost murdered several times before his mission is successfully accomplished. 10s. 6d.

F. & R. Lockridge DEATH AND THE GENTLE BULL

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Barbara Wadsworth THE GENTLE RAIN

Readers will find in this long novel of the delicate relationships between a mother, a daughter and the son of a man whom the mother had loved, as charming and as notable a story as any to be published this spring. "Beautifully written." *Yorkshire Evening Post.* 335 pages. 12s. 6d.

Charlotte Erickson NARCISSA

This entertaining novel is based on the life of the enchanting Nance Oldfield, the young girl who became undisputed darling of the London theatre for the first quarter of the eighteenth century. 10s. 6d.

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HUTCHINSON & CO. (PUBLISHERS) LTD.
178-202 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

that most anti-climatic of sports—Portuguese bull-fighting. As yet, few English people visit Portugal; for those thinking of making the change, this is perhaps the best available introduction.

Further north is Galicia, the least-known province of Spain. Miss Epton descended on it last summer, armed with notebooks, tape-recorder (for the folk-songs), and letters of introduction to Galician poets. She is relentless in cornering members of the local literary set, indefatigable in bullying mountain peasants into carrying her luggage or supplying her with omelettes. She obviously talks machine-gun Spanish and knows how to put the fear of Drake into the Galician soul. She is not, in short, the sort of companion I should care to spend a holiday with, but she has filled an important *lacuna* in our Spanish travel literature and, in the process, has written a lively and readable book. *Cuisine intéréssante.*

Lower down the scale there is Mr. Wiseman on Roman Spain: an excellent schoolmaster's book, not too academic, not too folksy. The author talks neither up nor down to the reader, and takes us on a balanced conducted tour of Spanish history in Roman times, with a survey of all the principal sites. Nobody has done this before; nobody, I imagine, will bother to do it again. On about the same level is Mr. Salter's *Introducing Portugal.* Not, I feel, as good as his *Introducing Spain*—a little too hastily put together perhaps?—but full of interesting information, historical gossip and practical advice. The photographs, for a book of this price, are above average, and Mr. Salter, unlike most writers on Portugal, does not forget to include a chapter on Madeira. Good, reliable *cuisine bourgeoise,* if a little on the starchy side.

On the student restaurant level, three paperback guide-books. Mr. Way's *Spain* contains lots of diagrams showing how to recognise Spanish traffic signs and turn Centigrade into Fahrenheit, a number of sociological conclusions ("The Spanish are a happy people despite many difficulties") and some highly dubious historical information ("Seville is the birthplace of Velasquez and Murillo, two of Spain's greatest eighteenth-century composers"). Mr. Cooper's two little books are slightly better. He is at least in the noble tradition of Baedeker, full of useful lists of what to take with you on the journey (a tea-making outfit—"the Spanish simply can't make the beverage"—a small saucepan with solid-fuel tablets, a first-aid kit, a spare pair of shoe-laces, a Flit self-sprayer—"it stops the little beasts") and of sensible advice when you get there ("Moderation is also suggested in wine-drinking, otherwise the blood tends to get heated"). But, since these books are intended to be carried around in the pocket, I should like to ask the publishers why the covers fell off as soon as I opened them.

I have saved up Mr. Mais till the last. Mr. Mais goes to bed at 8.45 and gets up at 2.45, and then works until breakfast. I have never believed that early-morning risers write great literature, and Mr. Mais' book has done nothing to shake my conviction. We first join him at Victoria Coach-station:—

> It was a perfect Spring morning. Within an hour we were at East Grinstead where we stopped for coffee and Jill had to buy an Oxford Dictionary as she had left hers at home. We arrived at Newhaven at 10.15, and after an unexpected spirited discussion about spelling with the Passport officials and another with the Customs we went on board the *Arromanches*, a French steamer. For the first time in our lives we were travelling third class. The cost to transfer to first would have been £3 8s. 6d. each.

There are 217 pages of this, after which his wife, Jill, takes over ("We left Chartres from the market-place which was busy and not unlike Barnstaple") and gives us fifty more. Between them, they have written the *Ulysses* of the conducted coach-tour.

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

The New Transgressor

A Mirror for Narcissus. By NEGLEY FARSON. *Gollancz. 16s.*

America was not engaged in the pre-war struggle against fascism in Europe, but the best Americans were. The correspondents of great American newspapers tried to be detached, but they were caught by their natural hatred of cruelty and tyranny. As newshounds they were not supposed to have an ideology; they were ready for adventure anywhere. They were contemptuous of Western appeasement; excited and truthful about the Soviet Revolution; above all, they were determined not to be bamboozled by anyone, whether he was Commissar, fascist propagandist or suave Foreign Office spokesman. Their standard of writing was high, and they cared about accuracy as well as news beats. The best of them, as I remember, were Edgar Mowrer, Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, Knickerbocker (killed in an air crash in the Pacific after the war), George Seldes, Raymond Swing, and, to my mind pre-eminent as a writer, Negley Farson.

In 1936 Farson made his name by *The Way of a Transgressor.* It told, with splendid verve and an artist's choice of words, the story of how an American boy, brought up to love natural life in Chesapeake Bay (then full of fish), turned into a great husky lad and athlete (known as "the big Swede"), became, amongst other things, a newspaper correspondent, was in the thick of things, in company with John Reed, throughout the Russian Revolution, travelled through most countries of the world, nearly always in trouble, but only suffering two real calamities. Pretending to be a Canadian, he managed to get into the war as a Flying Corps officer and at once smashed up his leg in an air-crash. He should, of course, have had it taken off many years ago, but Narcissus would always prefer to see himself with two legs, even if one of them looked like a mutton chop after the dog has finished with it. His second misfortune was to acquire an unappeasable thirst for alcohol, about which in his new book he is frank, even to the point of loquacity.

Tough and sentimental, he travelled, game leg, bottle and all, through many countries, Turkey, India, from one side of Africa to the other (*Behind God's Back* he called his account of this famous trip) and a couple of times again to Soviet Russia where he was nearly liquidated once more in the worst days of 1942. At intervals he returned to put together his impressions and to recuperate in Norway or somewhere else where the fishing was good, and his wife, Eve, could go on saving his life. His happiest two years were in British Columbia where they lived remote on a houseboat, relying solely on a gun, a fishing rod, and a typewriter. His new book is written from a lovely stretch of Devon beach where he can stand in the surf and watch the Atlantic losing itself in the holes in his leg. The result is a reflective testament, with a recurrent theme of alcoholic adventure, followed by cures, and clinics. It recalls his more recent travels to Russia, to Africa (where he is always at his best), to Latin America (rather lost in an alcoholic mist), to his native Maryland and New York, where he mourns the departure of remembered glories and decides that he had better "keep his complexes", that he no longer likes killing for sport (salmon, perhaps, excepted) and that the only cure for the disease of alcohol is "commonsense"—a quality of which he has a good deal, but never on his own showing as much as he has needed.

Negley Farson is a great hand at sketching the notable characters he meets on his travels. Not the least remarkable of these was his cat, Uncle Roly. No one can fail to perceive that this loyal and pugnacious beast—for ever fighting other cats (often, it seems, from sheer devilry), constantly returning, sieved with wounds, to recover (with the help of a little fishing or its equivalent)—is to be identified with Negley Farson himself. Exactly what happened to Uncle Roly in the end is not known. Torn to ribbons though he was, he dashed back into the fray, never to return. Farson himself seems to have decided that there is a limit to outside adventure, and remarks "that the one place where I shall have to live from now on is within myself." Not, he adds, an easy assignment.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Two Everyman volumes just published are the *Origin of Species,* introduced by W. R. Thompson, and *Barchester Towers,* introduced by Michael Sadleir (Dent, 7s. each). New additions to Collins's Classics are three Dumas volumes—*Marguerite de Valois* (5s. 6d.), *Chicot the Jester* (6s. 6d.), *The Forty-five Guardsmen* (6s. 6d.); two Stevensons—*Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* in one volume (5s. 6d.), *Familiar Studies, Virginibus Puerisque* and *Selected Poems* in another (5s. 6d.), edited by G. B. Stern; a volume of Wilde's *Poems and Essays* (5s. 6d.); one of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and *The Princess* (5s. 6d.); 58 *Short Stories* by O. Henry (5s. 6d.), Seton Merriman's *Barlasch of the Guard* (4s. 6d.) and Fielding's *Tom Jones* (7s. 6d.). Penguin Books are publishing on June 28 a new translation by Paul Turner of Longus's *Daphnis and Chloe* (2s. 6d.), C. P. Snow's *The Masters* (3s. 6d.) and Cyril Hare's *That Yew Tree's Shade* (2s. 6d.).

Among other new editions are Walter Allen's *Reading a Novel* (Phoenix House, 6s.), a new translation by Frances Frenaye of Balzac's *César Birotteau* (Elek, 15s.), Frank Smythe's *Camp Six* (Black, 15s.), W. Friedmann's *Introduction to World Politics* (Macmillan, 25s.), W. O. Lester Smith's *Education in Great Britain* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.), and E. Nesbit's classic children's story, *The Phoenix and the Carpet* (Benn, 10s. 6d.). The new Autograph Edition of P. G. Wodehouse (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d. each volume) starts with *The Inimitable Jeeves, Lord Emsworth and Others, The Clicking of Cuthbert, Thank you, Jeeves, Summer Moonshine, Hot Water, A Damsel in Distress* and *The Girl on the Boat.*

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In this vitally important book Professor Titterton writes with unchallenged authority for the layman, and presents the facts about atomic energy and atomic weapons in language which makes a clear understanding of the situation possible without a background of technical knowledge being required. ***Illustrated.*** **21*s*.**

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FABER

One in a Boat

My Ship is So Small. By ANN DAVISON. *Peter Davies.* 16s.

The Epic Voyage of the Seven Little Sisters. By WILLIAM WILLIS. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

Lone voyages across oceans, in varying degrees of danger and hardship, have been made so often that the bare fact of crossing the Atlantic single-handed in a four-ton sloop, or the Pacific on a raft, no longer seems sensational. It is a stunt; arduous and dangerous enough, but still a stunt; and one supposes the stunter well enough rewarded in the end by royalties and television appearances. But is money the only reason for doing these things? Surely not: there are a thousand easier, less dreadful ways of making it. Courage and suffering are involved to a high degree; deeper, more complicated motives must be there to make the thing possible. Certainly Ann Davison and William Willis had sound commercial ideas before crossing their separate oceans and enduring their different miseries, and their books are the first fruits of them; but they are not the sole motives. What are the hidden ones? It is these, so far as they can be seen or guessed, that make their sagas fascinating.

Ann Davison is a sturdy young woman who by her own account has never cared for ordinary women's interests. She prefers "rugged stuff," and before this single-handed voyage had had a cruel dose of it. She and her husband had planned to sail a fishing-boat from England to the West Indies. They were hard pressed by their creditors, and this adventure, it was hoped, would mend their fortunes. It will be remembered that it did nothing of the kind. They were caught at the start in the tide-race off Portland Bill; the ship was wrecked and Davison lost his life. It is almost unthinkable that after such a disaster any woman should decide to attempt the voyage alone, yet that is precisely what Mrs. Davison did. She confesses that debt was still her most pressing reason, but she sees that this is far from explaining everything and has made a creditable attempt to get at the truth. Dissatisfaction with her life, which seemed flat and meaningless; a feeling of guilt for the death of her husband and a compulsion to expiate this by completing alone what they had set out to do together; an obscure faith that by risking her life and enduring the utmost discomfort she would somehow discover a mysterious "key to living."

There is a strong and primitive religious feeling about all this, which Mrs. Davison's gossipy bar-room manner does not quite disguise. If you crave a "meaning" in life and fail to find one, then a serviceable substitute can be made out of almost any form of dangerous endeavour. One's aims become few and primitive, survival being the chief. In a solitary voyage of this kind, loneliness, lack of sleep and danger become so all-absorbing that there is no longer any room for doubt. The body suffers and complains, but the sufferer feels spiritually well. This sense of spiritual well-being is real, but temporary. On the way across Mrs. Davison speaks often of finding a "key to living" or "the answer to life," but when she reaches the other side it is no longer mentioned. We are told only how she came into New York harbour, how the *Felicity Ann* was exhibited in a boat show, and what the onlookers said. An amusing book has been written, the drug has worked while it lasted; she sees it is unreasonable to expect more.

There is none of Ann Davison's jolly normality about William Willis. He is very far gone in a primitive mystical-religious craving for supreme tests, initiations, and physical suffering. His crossing the Pacific alone on a balsa-log raft served no ethnological purpose: *Kon Tiki* had done that already. Nor did it prove anything about survival at sea; Dr. Bombard had gone before, and been more thorough. No; this unusual American of sixty-one did it because he wanted to; because he is under a compulsion perpetually to subject himself to excruciating tests, to commune with nature in single-handed combat and achieve irrefutable proof of his own hardihood. This has been a recurring compulsion all his life, and the books he writes about it seem genuinely to be a secondary consideration. He is mystical and anthropomorphic about the elements, baptises himself with sea-water at the beginning of the voyage, and when the fresh-water supply is found to have leaked away, delightedly drinks sea-water as "a sacrament."

He undoubtedly proves his toughness, his wonderful condition for his age and his ability to take punishment. He is greedy for suffering; one's sympathy soon dries up in the face of such enjoyment. He lives on what he describes as a "Stone Age disaster diet" (why?) consisting of coffee, barley flour mixed with water, and black molasses. He appears pleased when he ruptures himself at the beginning of the voyage, since pushing in the rupture before every exertion is an unexpected refinement of discomfort. A painful and mysterious illness suffered in mid-Pacific is received as a cleansing punishment for sinful thoughts. The disaster diet, pain, lack of sleep and perpetual labour induce a detached and primitive state of mind, in which emotion becomes extremely shallow and memory fades, and only a sense of worship and oneness prevails. This is a form of that experience which primitive mystics have always achieved through fasting, fatigue, exposure and other methods. In another age Mr. Willis might have retired into the desert among lions, or spent his life on top of a pillar, or on a bed of nails.

The only indulgence he allows himself in his four-months' trial by endurance is the company of a cat and a parrot; an ill-starred choice for the parrot, since the cat succeeds in eating him before the end. Also there is something surprising about his list of clothing. Perhaps it was Mrs. Willis who insisted on the nine shirts and eight suits of underwear, the six pairs of woollen socks and eight pairs of sun-glasses? The personal photographs, which abound, show him invariably clean-shaven. One feels sure he would have enjoyed it even more in a beard and loin-cloth.

MARGARET LANE

Wise Gardening

Gardener to Queen Anne. By DAVID GREEN. *Oxford.* 70s.

Pioneers in Gardening. By MILES HADFIELD. *Routledge.* 15s.

Dictionary of Gardening, Supplement. (Royal Horticultural Society.) Edited by P. M. SYNGE. *Oxford.* 42s.

The theory and practice of English gardening have, like those of English poetry, been frequently moved to and fro by ideals of extreme formalism and extreme naturalism. The half-century between the Restoration and the beginning of the Hanoverian dynasty saw English formal gardening at its brief superlative best—inspired, but not at all slavishly inspired, by France, especially by Versailles.

Gardens naturally change more than other works of art; they grow and they get overgrown; so that one has to judge the gardens of the past by pictures, plans, and descriptions; and the greatness of the gardeners by these and by their contemporary reputations. Considered by such reflected light, London and Wise—the names go together like Beaumont and Fletcher or Liddell and Scott—were easily the greatest gardeners of that great formal period. Chatsworth, Longleat, Melbourne in their first or finest glory were the joint work of the firm. George London designed the ostentatious magnificence of Canons. Henry Wise was responsible for Blenheim. They maintained at Brompton Park, where is now the admired Science Museum, a nursery garden such as had never been seen before. Its memory comes down to us with "Brompton Stocks"—as

London's, a little confused, comes down with "London Pride."

These two men were so intimately associated that a large part of Mr. Green's sumptuous, scholarly, and fascinating book deals as much with London as with Wise—whose biography it ostensibly is. From the accession of Queen Anne, however, Wise was made personally responsible for all the royal parks and gardens—he made the Maze at Hampton Court—and when the Queen in an excess of temporary generosity decided to build Blenheim for Marlborough, Henry Wise as royal gardener undertook the planning and planting of a garden on a scale to match Vanbrugh's palace—that "wild unmerciful house," as the Duchess came to consider it.

At least the garden was not wild—anyhow to begin with. But here Wise even more than Vanbrugh came up against problems of dual control. Blenheim was the Queen's gift, and she proposed to decide even its comparative details. On the other hand the Duke, and more particularly the Duchess, who had got to live there, had their own ideas. In the end, when relationships all round had deteriorated to royal and ducal bickering, Wise threw in his hand. The garden as he had designed it was never quite completed. Within fifty years Capability Brown, directing the first wave of the return to nature, had wiped out nearly all that Wise had done. Only his kitchen-garden remains. Wise seems to have taken his partial failure at Blenheim with some detachment. He was rich, happily married and, like Shakespeare, he obtained a grant of arms and retired to cultivate a garden of his own in his native Warwickshire, where he died in 1738 aged eighty-five. At long last, Mr. Green has raised a worthy memorial to him.

Mr. Hadfield's book is, in effect, a short history of gardening from ancient Greece and China to the present day. One of its highlights is his description of the garden at Melbourne which, more than any other garden that Henry Wise had a hand in, has retained something of his original design—"My eyes," says Mr. Hadfield, "took in the view, followed the central vista, just as Henry Wise, more than two centuries ago, intended that they should." Yet even at Melbourne Mr. Hadfield must have needed much knowledge to read what has become a garden-palimpsest since Wise's day. His book makes a good general framework for such a detailed study as Mr. Green's.

Wise, unlike some great garden designers, was also a gardener in our more restricted present-day sense. That is to say, he was a practical grower of plants. For such working horticulturists, "Curious delighters in Flowers," there have been produced whole libraries of good reference books, beginning with Miller's great Dictionary, published shortly before Wise's death, and ending for the time being with the Royal Horticultural Society's monumental four volumes, to which they have now published a first Supplement. This contains not only additional articles—some of great interest—and corrections to the main work, but also descriptive lists of the best available garden varieties of flowers, fruit, and vegetables—hardly any of them appearing in Wise's lists as given by Mr. Green. But then, "the principal kinds of cultivated plants are constantly being improved," says Mr. Synge; and so, he goes on, "the work of keeping up to date a gardening dictionary is unfortunately endless." "Endless," yes—if one grants him the "improvement," as perhaps one must—but why "unfortunately"? Further Supplements are envisaged, and there must be pleasure as well as labour in producing them. Mr. Synge can take heart, in any case, in having done a first-rate interim job.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

Two recent gardening books are Margery Fish's *We Made a Garden* (Collingridge, 18s.), and Svend Poulsen's *Poulsen on the Rose* (MacGibbon & Kee, 12s. 6d.).

Ready June 25

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JONATHAN CAPE

Chips of Life

Father Sets the Pace. By GONTRAN DE PONCINS. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Les Girls. By CONSTANCE TOMKINSON. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Elegant Flower. By DESMOND NEILL. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Bare Feet in the Palace. By AGNES NEWTON KEITH. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

Minding My Own Business. By PERCY MUIR. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

H. G. Wells and his Family. By M. M. MEYER. *International Publishing Co.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Helen Queen Mother of Rumania. By ARTHUR GOULD LEE. *Faber.* 21*s.*

M. de Poncins's Father is the most recent of a long line of sacred monsters set off by *Life With Father*. The French book is neither so uproarious nor so eventful as its original. But this Father went in for style—being an aristocrat, he acted the part—and the son has style, too. He characterises Papa in a series of activities, from different angles. There is something seventeenth-century about the literary approach—which is a bit academical in consequence—but the subject of it is pure *fin-de-siècle*—none purer. He appears first, late at the family chapel, and irreproachably dressed, though the gold pin and scarf hide a night-shirt. Speed is his standard for a church service, and he commends the chaplain who takes every prayer as his beloved thoroughbreds would a fence. The Count loves horses, clothes, style of living, himself. "It was in Paris that father was at his best," says the caption under the photograph on the cover, where he stands, silk hat in one hand and sword-like umbrella clenched by the other, adenoidally splendid. We scrutinise him in his wardrobe, his shooting-parties and evenings at the Jockey Club, his behaviour with sons and trains, his dejection at dwindling fortunes, and at last the horror of flight during the Occupation. Perhaps the most revealing sentence about him is that which remarks that "if the sky grew overcast, he would sometimes go and change because wearing a light jacket would be 'out of tune'": one can forgive much to such a man. His son and portraitist delineates him in friendly acid.

From a top floor back in Bayswater costing £1 a week Miss Tomkinson launched herself as one of "Les Girls": first on a Scandinavian tour rehearsed in drabbest Soho, then at the Folies Bergère, and at last—in the top or near-top class—with the Basil Beauties. Her looks and her high kicks took her all round Europe; she starved, she was bitten, she was taken out by elderly business-men, she fell in love, she came back to the Dorchester and got her first straight part. She has a demure come-hither look, a bouncing liveliness with a pen that can't go wrong. She is funny about everything, and almost clinically about men. She will marry, enjoy a big family. So at least one would guess of this Canadian daughter of a parson.

Elegant Flower relates the adventures of a young English Civil Servant who sets out to learn the Chinese dialect of Singapore, and *Bare Feet in the Palace* takes us to the Philippines with an American family, a writer who has unfortunately brought off a best-seller (*Three Came Home*). This time the Englishman wins. *Elegant Flower* is a modest, sly, keen-eyed account which uses its first impressions of Singapore, Changchow, Peking, the Great Wall, etc., to bring these places nearer on the map. He is a quiet one, Mr. Neill, but not to be trifled with on the spot and here to be enjoyed. Mrs. Keith (grin on back cover) has produced a medley of family adventure, reporting about the Philippines, whiffs of personal success, interspersed with novelese which obviously bodes big for the future in a scrappy book written seemingly with two hands: the mother-novelist's, and the roving journalist's.

The longer life-span comes back with *Minding My Own Business*. Mr. Muir's business was book-collecting, or rather catering for that taste or mania. I have never myself felt any passion for first editions, autograph copies, rare finds, unthought-of snobberies—my only acquisition of the sort having been a two-volume edition of "B. V." Thompson, bought at Dobell's, because none other seemed obtainable, and revealing, when I got home, a not very thrilling letter of Thompson's to a clergyman, pasted in: I am not therefore the impassioned reader for whom Mr. Muir may be smoked salmon. I did, however, enjoy his bookselling in Mayfair, the eccentricities of Mr. Evans and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, the cornering of Sherlock Holmes and Victorian song sheets. On his law-suits—which seemed to me almost the most interesting parts—Mr. Muir is unfortunately reticent.

Miss Meyer gives us a governess's memories of H. G. Wells and his family before the first war. This is a naive book, which hardly ever refers to Wells except as "the world-famous author," yet it manages to leak out quite a strong impression of Wells, buoyant, fortyish, irascible, and playful, which I would not have missed. Games play quite a large part in it: not only the famous floor-game, but dressing-up once a week and a garden smuggling game that visitors would take part in.

It is hard for Royalty, in these times, not to appear Gilbertian; and biographers yield to this. Kings come and go (go, now, for good); queens are humiliated; patriotisms are exchanged by marriage; there are plunges into exile, returns, semi-imprisonment, waves from the balcony; the future monarch is marked out on an early page as having "his own pronounced dimples"; a father on one throne is fond of quoting *If*—, there are bound to be photographs of Queen-colonels leading their regiments side-saddle, and a portrait by Philip de Laszlo. Poor Helen! But then why did she ever marry Carol? Hadn't the opportunity (says her biographer) of meeting men; and, in her own words, was attracted enough to hope she might come to love him. She certainly paid for her mistake—if it was a mistake. But didn't she enjoy it, sorrow and all? Would she, if she had her time over again, be Mrs. Smith?

G. W. STONIER

Outsiderismus

The Outsider. By COLIN WILSON. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Trumpets for Philoctetes, the invalid Hero of our Age! Existential Man is Mr. Wilson's subject, that bewildered character who moons his way through modern life and through the pages of Dostoevsky, Sartre & Co., obsessed with the *meaninglessness* of everything around him. Not the old Byronic rebel, who saw himself as an exception in a well-organised world, but his more thorough descendant, for whom the whole human race is in a false position, senselessly shadow-boxing. It is rare to discuss this position rationally. Those who have occupied it, even the philosophers, have usually been content with saying in various tones of voice that there they were. Yet it is, in general, one of the most serious aims of present-day thinking to be able to move freely between viewpoints, to keep one's temper and try to map their connection, as Mr. Wilson does in this book, rather than declare war to the knife between them. That is why *The Outsider* seems to me really important, and moreover, very contemporary, although if you consider it just as literary criticism it has rather a look of twenty years ago—of *The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal*, say, or *The Allegory of Love*, those excellent sweeping books which scholars get yearly more chary of writing. Lit. Crit., however, is just what it refuses to limit itself to, and here it gains a second advantage. As a writer, the Outsider is often very imperfect and variable. Often, like Dostoevsky, he tries to express more than his art will contain. Mr. Wilson includes in his study people like Nijinsky and Van Gogh who were not writers; further, he regards the writers' books primarily as evidence of their inner lives, and their actual lives as evidence of the lives they were trying to live, doing all he can to see as a whole what they were trying to say.

With great ingenuity and a sanguineness of temper which I doubt if his subjects would approve, he succeeds in presenting the Outsider dynamically, as a necessary stage in the development of any honest contemporary thinker. "The Outsider's miseries are the prophet's teething pains," he says, and cites aptly the case of George Fox, who in his early days was certainly a Dostoevsky character, perhaps even a Sartre one. Where the Outsider's path has led to disaster or into the void, as with Nietzsche and T. E. Lawrence, he certainly manages to make it look much more plausible than I would have expected that their errors were due to their solitude, not their solitude to their errors. It is interesting, however, that in both these cases he makes almost the same comment; what a near thing it was. Lawrence is "like . . . some immense machine that is made useless by a small break in the circuit"; Nietzsche, "like a big gun with some trifling mechanical fault that explodes and kills all the crew." This attitude to neurosis, as of one crossly shaking an alarm clock that *ought* to go all right, is very British. I find it very inadequate. In this book, however, it is handy. Mr. Wilson needs to work most of the time with the broad antithesis Bourgeois/Outsider, which would be blurred by any strong Freudian sense of the causes of these things, of the way the threads of insanity itself pervade the pattern of ordinary life.

In general, Mr. Wilson is justified in isolating the Outsider element by the greatness of the things he expects from it. The Outsider, he points out, is one who, having realised the brutality of actual life, sees through civilisation and finds it a sham; hence his sense that everything round him is unreal, that no free and meaningful choice lies open to him within it. He need not, however, like Ivan Karamazov, return God his entrance ticket. He may manage instead to work his way back to reality, to discover a new and profounder meaning, as George Fox did. But Fox was a Christian, and Mr. Wilson can make no sense of Christian beliefs. Yet he finds that some Christian concepts, such as salvation, have great power for him and for the typical outsider. What he wants to do is to find out more about this power. He is not himself tempted to posit any outside source for it; he leans to a Neo-Platonist view that our gods are all within us, and will accept no Jungian sleight-of-hand by which we should pretend that they are outside to strengthen them. But whatever view one finally takes of the cause, an investigation of these effects certainly seems very important; the phenomenon is pretty common in thoughtful people, and Mr. Wilson may well be right that the way of the prophet lies through it.

This is then an important book, and a refreshing one. Mr. Wilson, a very young man who apparently has escaped an academic education, has thrown into it all the bold ideas, all the wide casual reading which those who have been exposed to early frost would produce, if at all, only in conversation. He is, in fact, putting printed paper to its proper use to extend the circle of talk, not to displace the recording angel, and unless people like him take up the History of Thought now the philosophers have dropped it, we shall all be in the cart. But in case he founds a school it should also be said that he is *not* precise or reliable. I do not mind about small inaccuracies and misquotations (though if the usual people write the usual letters I will supply them). What does worry me is a certain coarseness of perception towards his authors when they are not saying just what he wants them to say. For instance, the summaries given of Henry James's novels in the hope of bringing them in line with the Outsider theme are travesties, of which one can only hope that the author had *not* read the novels when he wrote them. And this:

> There is even a tradition that Blake was so confirmed in his opinion of the senses' fundamental innocence that he proposed to go to bed with his

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wife's maid, an arrangement that Mrs. Blake refused to admit.

Was there no time to leaf through a biography for one of the authentic funny stories instead of using what he admits is a myth? This sort of thing, besides reminding one unpleasantly of the story printed by one of the Sunday papers that the author "knocked off" the book in four months, undermines an essential point in the Outsider gospel and one of the few that I respect. It is that, as Mr. Wilson puts it,

> —knowledge is merely an instrument of living; there is no such thing as abstract knowledge; there is only useful knowledge and unprofitable blatherskite.

In a world infested with research done for the sake of appearing to research, what could be more welcome hearing than that? But if you inaugurate the reign of Useful Knowledge by dealing out a pack of inaccuracies you are liable, I believe, to get the banner knocked from your hand rather sooner than you look for.

MARY SCRUTTON

Bits and Pieces

Prime Minister of Mirth. By A. E. WILSON. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

Up and Down the Line. By JACK TRAIN. *Odhams.* 15*s.*

Steady, Barker! By ERIC BARKER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A perusal of these three agreeable books prompts the possibly discourteous thought that, in the last forty years at least, it is actresses, when playing comedy, who have been immeasurably funnier than comedians. What male quartet could begin to rival Edith Evans, Marie Tempest, Lilian Braithwaite, Yvonne Arnaud? What about those dazzlingly gifted song-birds, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Maisie Gay, Cicely Courtneidge, Hermione Baddeley? What male performer can, as a solo turn, hold a candle to Ruth Draper or Joyce Grenfell? It is easy enough to assemble an impressive 2nd XI in the pav., composed of the Misses Barbour, Brough, Cadell, Fielding, Gingold, Harrison, Henson (G.), Jeffreys, Lorne (M.), Rutherford and Seyler (golly, what a tail!), each, when playing on a plum crease, or whatever it is, capable of knocking up a double century. It is useless to try to select two adequate opposing teams, with Alistair Sim and Alec Guinness opening the batting, and Robert Morley padding up; anybody attempting to do so is warned that he is in for a trouncing. It may well be that women are, as a sex, more laughter-provoking than men, but the real explanation is probably politer and simpler: the ladies mentioned above have shown themselves to be a good bit cleverer.

All, however, is not lost. In the dispensing of charm and the creation of a warm, easy atmosphere in the theatre, the male sex is supreme; for years this has been a main strength of Jack Buchanan, Jack Hulbert and Danny Kaye, each capable of bewitching and beguiling an audience into goggle-eyed acceptance. To this list I would also add George Robey, whose life is now before us in Mr. Wilson's excellent book. Very pleasant it was to be sitting there, feeling rather dashing, as the eyebrows rose at us and the voice said "Let there be mirth, but let it be tempered with reserve." Very pleasant, but, for a small minority, no more than that. To those allergic to comic get-ups, and the over-confidence they can give, the mirth (that off-putting word) was sadly tempered already. Comedians should appear to be unaware of laughter, and eccentric garb on a flesh-and-blood performer is chancy material, a nagging reminder that funny stuff is afoot.

But for those who, to their regret, were not moved to laughter, there was much to admire: the efficiency, the command, the power, the timing, gifts which Mr. Wilson brings out, together with sides more admirable still: the wild generosity, the tireless work for charity (he collected nearly £500,000), the boosting of morale wherever he went, and the general lovableness (what fellow actor has ever said a word against his character?) of a great figure of the stage.

Jack Train and Eric Barker (who gets, with his publishers, 100 lines for misspelling Miss Lillie's name) pause, in what one hopes is mid-career, for a look back. This habit is, regrettably, becoming increasingly fashionable with actors. In the old days, they waited until a fuller story could be told, eventually peering out at us, in wrinkled Elliott and Fry majesty, from a frontispiece. Still, if nowadays they must, they must, and it is a small hardship to bear in the case of these two attractive and highly dissimilar personalities: Jack Train, the ebullient punster of Twenty Questions and the multi-voiced ITMA member, and Eric Barker, the restrained and witty master of the underplaying, throw-away technique. Their books are oddly alike, being modest, well written, simple, very readable, and as memorable as an old-fashioned musical-comedy plot.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Train that Mrs. Dale's Diary has been repeatedly and delightedly listened to by the very highest in the land. Might we not have a Competition for Mrs. Dale's comment (limit, 80 words) on having such exalted fans, to be spoken in hushed tones just before those frenzied final twangings? An entry is appended.

> I *was* thrilled by the news. Mother came down after supper and we all discussed it over coffee and ginger-snaps. To think that they know all about Captain's little mishap on Mother's eiderdown, and my annuals, and Bob, and the day we lost the meat-loaf, and, oh well, just everything. As I said to Jim while we were retiring, the world isn't (*fading*) such a bad place after all. . . .
>
> (*Bring up harp*)

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Industrial Dynamo

The Life of Ludwig Mond. By J. M. COHEN. *Methuen.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

I cannot think of a novelist of rank who has written adequately of industrialists. When business bosses have come into novels, they have been either merchants, like Mr. Dombey and old Jolyon Forsyte, or—much more often—financiers, like Balzac's monsters. Merchants and financiers are quite different from productive bosses, the men who start and manage industries which make things—different in social function, different psychologically. The productive bosses are by all odds more significant in our society, and there are parts of it you cannot understand without understanding them. Novelists have not had the knowledge to cope with them, nor the social insight to see how significant they are: it is a literary gap which badly needs filling in.

Mr. J. M. Cohen has now given us the biography of one of the greatest productive bosses of the nineteenth century. Ludwig Mond was born in 1839 in a middle-class Jewish family, who were theatrical dress-designers to the ducal court of Hesse. It does not sound a particularly healthy start for an aspiring English industrialist; but in fact Mond was lucky. His family, with a fussy, opinionated, ineffectual father and a matriarch of a mother, was neatly arranged to stiffen his will. Intellectually, the breezes of the Enlightenment were blowing about among cultivated Jews in Germany, and in scientific atmosphere and education he had an advantage over any English contemporary. Although England got in first with the Industrial Revolution, for a whole complex of reasons we fell behind in applied science; in the 1850s the English education in applied science was hole-in-the-corner, improvised, lower-class, as it has to a substantial extent remained until this day; while Mond could go to Marburg and Heidelberg, find science intellectually respectable and get a chemical training which England could not provide for a generation. It was not an accident that Mond, the Hessian Jew, and Siemens, the Prussian officer, educated in the same scientific air, could survey England as though it were a backward territory and come over and make great businesses here.

Mond was a productive boss, a supreme manager, not an original scientist; like many supreme managers, he was a passionate, positive man. He seems to have known, even in his student days, that soon, somewhere, somehow, he would catch hold of an idea that he could turn into goods and money. He wanted riches, but not riches alone; he wanted, not exactly to produce a material benefit, but more to make a material conquest, to leave his mark on brute reality. Something like that is a prime motive among great managers. He made false starts, he became impatient, but not anxious: anxiety is not much of a menace to such temperaments. Sure enough, the right idea cropped up; it was a Belgian process, but he saw—it was his special gift to be able to see—that he could create a gigantic industry out of it in England. At the age of thirty-three he started the Brunner-Mond factory at Winnington: the capital of the firm was £10,000, of which he put in £1,000. Within eight years they were producing a large fraction of the world's output of soda, and he was an immensely rich man. But he was not content with the ordinary life of a rich man; he had no use for country houses and yachts, and his major luxury was his collection of pictures. He grumbled, and it was not altogether hypocritical, though it sounds it: "We are no longer making chemicals, we are making money." He was not content until he found a new idea, and went off on a new technical conquest; and the effort he put into it may have shortened his life.

Mr. Cohen tells this story with lucidity and sense. He is specially good on the domestic background and the matriarchal families of Mond's mother and aunt; there is enough scientific explanation in the book to make the career intelligible. Mr. Cohen is less good on big business and the managerial changes of which Mond was a forerunner. He was, in fact, the archetype of the modern technocrat. He had, of course his own singularities. As a Jew of his period and origin, he kept a streak of detachment and of a curious baseless and theoretical radicalism; he was never assimilated in England, and had no use for English honours except the F.R.S. But otherwise he was astonishingly like some of the great managerial bosses who have succeeded him. He had that optimism of the fibres which they have nearly always had: the uncontrolled temper, which is simultaneously an indulgence and a weapon; the pragmatic, first-hand functional treatment of men. If any of his employees pleaded to have done his best—"Heaven help the man who does his best and fails," said Mond, "for then there is no hope for him, and I have no use for him."

It was that combination of qualities, not gentler ones, which won him loyalty. It is that kind of man, formidably intelligent, imaginative, prepotent, that any technical society needs to do some of its most difficult jobs. The trouble is, a society like ours, highly articulated, built up on checks and balances, finds it very difficult either to attract or use such men. The heyday of the managerial boss is already past, both in this country and in the U.S.A. Would a young Ludwig Mond think of entering I.C.I. today? No big business, no tidy bureaucracy, can give him the rewards that set him loose creatively. It is not a question of money: for such managers that is always secondary. The rewards he needs are total responsibility, paternal power, the nepotic freedom to choose men as he likes and have the whole show in his hands. Large organisations—it does not matter whether they are governmental or private—increasingly cannot give potential Monds anything like that kind of power. For most reasons it is right that they cannot. But as a result, we lose the dynamic which, for certain purposes, only such men can supply.

C. P. SNOW

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THE legend of Wren, like the legends of Shakespeare and some others, is a haze of settled opinion, national complacency and thoughtless adulation which has to be penetrated before the object of the cult can be seen to be anything but a stuffed paragon. It is not Wren's evident greatness that has done him this disservice; but perhaps none of our national heroes has suffered quite so much from being good. There was nothing whatever amiss either with Wren's private or his public life. Unlike some other giants of seventeenth-century architecture he was neither embezzler nor snob, megalomaniac nor manic depressive; nor, with the worst will in the world, would it be possible to make an Evelyn of him and show him as a monumental prig. The evidence all points in one direction. Wren was a man much less interested in himself than in his work; a man of phenomenal intellectual power continuously absorbed in tasks exactly suited to his abilities. Few careers have unfolded with such classic felicity. From thirteen to seventy-three his mind was at full stretch, with opportunities presenting themselves in nicely graduated succession. Here was a personality as untormented as Raphael's, a career more than twice as long as Raphael's in which not a brooding shadow is discernible.

This legend has had a certain effect on Wren studies. The rediscovery of Wren as a major architect, somewhat delayed by the eighteenth century's distrust of anything related to the Baroque, came in the Eighteen-Thirties and Forties, with James Elmes's pioneer biography, John Clayton's laborious survey of the City churches and the re-introduction of specifically Wrennian themes in the architecture of C. R. Cockerell. It was an entirely wholesome and rewarding revival. The Gothic movement dimmed it, however, and in late Victorian days, when "Queen Anne" had been restored full strength, the numbness of uncritical adulation began to set in. It has pervaded much that has been written about Wren since, it reached the apogee of numbness at the Wren bicentenary celebrations of 1923; and even in the twenty scholarly volumes of the Wren Society (the last appearing in 1945) one is aware of the editor's settled and somewhat defensive conviction that Wren is above criticism. Nevertheless, it was those volumes and the devotion of their editor, the late Arthur Bolton, which made criticism practicable for the next generation.

Now, it is exceedingly improbable that even the wiliest debunker will ever see a way of tipping Wren off his majestic pedestal but it is also time that his architecture was studied without preconceptions about greatness and goodness and analysed strictly in relation to its antecedents and to the course of seventeenth-century architecture as a whole. If one or two English scholars, notably Mr. Geoffrey Webb, have put their hands to this business, none has proceeded very far and it is just possible that Englishmen are not best qualified to do it. That Wren should attract Continental scholars has not hitherto seemed very likely but now suddenly come two books by authors who started their careers in Vienna*. Mr. Sekler, though he has spent many years in Britain, now practises architecture in that city. Mr. Fürst, though trained in Vienna, is resident here. Both books are stamped with that sense of serious inquiry which belongs to the Vienna school. Both are of considerable interest.

A necessary preliminary to the analysis of any architect's work is the study of his sources and in this department Mr. Sekler has been very thorough, collecting the sources already observed and suggesting here and there new possibilties—some of them very curious. Mr. Fürst also pays attention to sources but is more interested in the chronological development of the work and in showing how a pattern introduced in one building reappears in another in a modified form. Between the two authors, there is precious little in the way of thematic relationships which has not been noticed; and Wren's "creative memory", his power of converting one thing into another, is brought out fully and sharply. This in itself is a worth-while function of art-historical writing and it is satisfactory to have it done with such penetration and skill.

There is, however—or should be—a great deal more to this kind of study than the definition of chronological development and exhaustive source-detection. The eventual quest is for the configuration of an artistic personality refracted in its products, a configuration inexorably dependent on time and circumstance. This, in the case of Wren, is certainly a tall order and, although both our authors attempt something in the nature of an assessment, we still seem a long way from understanding the peculiar characteristics of Wren as an artist. Mr. Sekler shows us clearly his indebtedness to the great theorists from Alberti to Perrault and to the Continental Baroque which he knew either at first hand or through engravings. Mr. Fürst sketches Wren into the broad canvas of seventeenth-century politics and religion. But neither author is able to show us a real, living, working artist with a mentality we can measure by familiar standards. Why is this task so difficult?

There are several reasons, but the one which looms up most obviously is that the art-historian necessarily shrinks from dealing with Wren's scientific work—the work in which he was absorbed from boyhood till the age of thirty. Laboratory work is not susceptible to the art-historian's technique; yet an imaginative participation in "experimental philosophy" and an imaginative participation in architecture, co-existent in the same mind, are likely to be mutually relevant. In Leonardo the relevance of the "scientific" to the "artistic" work is obvious; in Wren it is obscure, but perhaps only because the scientific work has never been adequately dealt with. We do know that one peculiarity of Wren as a scientist was his enthusiasm for practical demonstration—for designing and setting up experiments. We also know (from a remark of his about a thesis of Huygens) that he keenly felt the æsthetic potentialities of a hypothesis. In some of his architecture it is, I think, possible to recognise an attitude which is closer to that of a man testing a hypothesis than to that of one realising a conception which has come to him with intuitive conviction as an affair of mass and space, proportion and profile.

Put it this way. In the architecture one has the feeling of a laboratory procedure turned upside-down. It is not a question of constructing something by which to test a hypothesis but of designing a hypothesis which may be deemed valid in relation to a structure. In St. Paul's Cathedral there are three structural expedients of extraordinary ingenuity, devised jointly with a view to serving practical ends and to the exposition of certain classical forms of expression. There is an antagonism between the structure (the "apparatus") and the architectural expression (the "hypothesis"), and Wren seems positively to have enjoyed such antagonisms. That he did not always perfectly resolve them is what provides the clue to their existence. Nobody who stands in the central space of St. Paul's and compares the structure as a statical entity with the means adopted to endow it with a classical expression can fail to observe the conflict and to marvel at the strange confluence of mechanical ingenuity and artistic sensibility with which its resolution was attempted. This part of the cathedral has always incurred odium for the element of forced contrivance and panegyrists have been constrained to ignore or apologise for it. But I am not at all sure that the inner working of Wren's mind is not more accessible here than anywhere else. It is not unknown for an artist to reveal himself more clearly in what posterity regards as his failures than in his complete successes.

The scientific Wren remains for the present a skeleton in the art-historian's cupboard. Another skeleton which needs exorcising is the question of what are and are not Wren drawings. Obviously, the "essential Wren" must be sought in drawings in the architect's own hand, and, equally obviously, the bulk of the existing drawings are not in his hand. There is, however, a strong probability that many can be grouped and assigned to individual assistants. Thus, there is a distinct early group of high quality, assignable to Edward Woodroffe. More important, there are many (especially of City churches) attributable to a much more important character, Robert Hooke. Wren must have allowed great latitude to Hooke in the churches and it may very well be that their strong Dutch and Flemish inflexion is largely due to him. He may well have known the architecture of the Low Countries at first hand. Wren did not. Hooke was a none too sensitive designer and a poor draughtsman, and in attempting to reach conclusions about Wren it is as well to take his presence into account. If the question of Hooke drawings and other non-Wren drawings were closely examined I suspect that our view of the master might clear up very considerably. Incidentally, it is important for Wren students to realise that when a drawing bears Wren's autograph it is almost certainly *not* by him; the signature denotes his approbation of another man's draft.

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* *The Architecture of Sir Christopher Wren.* By VIKTOR FÜRST. *Lund Humphries.* 63s.

Wren and His Place in European Architecture. By EDUARD SEKLER. *Faber.* 63s.

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Notwithstanding the limitations of the two books under review they are very welcome contributions to English architectural studies. It must be said that Mr. Sekler is the more readable (his translators, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray, have served him excellently), and his diagrams and eighty plates provide a better corpus of illustrations than has hitherto been available in a single volume. One of his more speculative excursions has been to apply set-squares to the plan and section of St. Paul's, and seek a systematic procedure in its dimensions, partly based on a method of subdivision which Wren would have met in Serlio. It is an attractive idea and one must admit the impressive simplicity of the linear framework with which Mr. Sekler presents us. But examined in detail it does not seem to work quite as well as he would have us believe. Take just one of his coincidences. He finds that the width of the nave and choir, relative to the width of the whole church, is fixed by a point in the Serlian diagram. This might prove something if only the total width were not in an *exterior* dimension and the nave width an *interior* dimension (*i.e.*, between the inner faces of the piers). This ratio, surely, could not have been a significant one in the designer's mind.

Mr. Fürst's book is in most ways less conventional than Mr. Sekler's, and is full of acute observations and challenging suggestions—as, for instance, that there may have been a (lost) model of St. Paul's between the "first" and "great" models. If this is so, this was the model seen by Sir Roger Pratt, which had the dome at the west end, and Mr. Fürst goes on to suggest that this curious arrangement was, in fact, provisional, and allowed for the subsequent addition of nave and transepts to form a cruciform whole. He admits no illustrations other than prints and drawings and, in fact, seems to have limited his studies to these since he is able to commit the odd error of supposing that St. Benet's, Thames Street, was pulled down in the nineteenth century. His illustrations are reproduced in a variety of ways, some of which will offend the purist and which rather inconveniently obscure the evidence provided by variations in draughtsmanship. In general, however, the layout and typography of Mr. Fürst's book deserve very high praise indeed.

One result of the publication of these two distinguished books will be, let us hope, to call a halt to the writing of "interim" books on Wren. According to Mr. Sekler's bibliography, no fewer than five books have appeared since 1951, the two newcomers making a total of seven in six years! This is quite a lot, but we are still without a definitive biography and still without an authoritative account of Wren the scientist. It would be pleasant to think that while Sir William Holford goes to work on the "worthy setting" for St. Paul's, some scholar, rightly equipped, would dedicate himself to ten years' labour on a worthy biography, a book drawing together the threads of technical studies such as Messrs. Sekler and Fürst have given us, thoroughly investigating the scientific achievements and presenting, at last, a firm and realistic portrait of the man.

John Summerson

A Prophecy

(To one who advocated Violence as the only
Love Women will understand)

How could you dream mere body's eloquence
Could have reduced this passionate girl to sense,
Or, banishing all ghosts of care, might relish
A simple skeleton adorned in flesh?

Huge hands that grope and tamper with her breast
Find heart has fled; though your uneasy conquest
Lies dead beneath your weight, subdues her will,
Her eyes are vacant and elusive still.

But bellow those smoky beacons into flame
Until, in her element of fire, she'll tame
You, and to her humbly you shall crouch in turn,
Made slave by kindness, idiot by her scorn.

Beneath her scorched eyelids, watch, and the night half-gone,
Glimpse fruitful pasture that you might have known.
By burnt-out lamps, the tenant dispossessed,
Rake through the gutted barn, be drugged to rest.

Proud to have won such absolute surrender,
Take tooth and nail, savour dry stalk and cinder,
And, usurping this land with fire and sword, you'll weep
To enter the ruined monastery of sleep.

Christopher Levenson

U.S.A.

Coast to Coast. By James Morris. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Having "done" Everest very competently, *The Times* correspondent James Morris now turns to America. His new path is marked by the bootscratches of innumerable predecessors. For good reasons, a high proportion of the Europeans who visit the United States have written books about it. In doing so they satisfy their own curiosity as well as that of a wider public. America provokes them, at every level from the trivial to the tremendous. Europeans in America feel a proprietary interest in what is going on. It contains part of their past, pulled prosperously awry as in a sideshow mirror; and it may conceal most of their future.

Mr. Morris, though, is not a Tocqueville: at any rate not on this occasion. He is concerned with what is rather than with what was or what might be. Nor is he a Geoffrey Gorer: little here of toilet-training or rejected fathers. Nor a Simone de Beauvoir: we are offered no *aperçus* on the soul of the American intelligentsia. Much more, he is a latter-day Marryat or Trollope (both of whom, it will be recalled, published books about the United States). That is to say, he is a bluff, brisk, clear-headed Englishman, whose liveliness is his livelihood. *Coast to Coast* is a readable and entertaining travel-narrative that shoots from Nantucket to Natchez, from the simplicities of northern Vermont to the sheen of Hollywood. Mr. Morris is enterprising enough to view floods from a helicopter, penetrate the remoter parts of Indian reservations, and journey up the Mississippi in a tow-boat. He interviews Colonel McCormick and Mr. Truman, and talks with a host of less celebrated characters. His descriptions are quick, perceptive, and often witty:

> Violence is the very essence of Niagara. It is not the beauty of the falls that makes them so fascinating, but their unyielding ferocity. . . .
>
> The lake is illuminated by the headlights of cars, but it is a pleasantly old-fashioned scene—a compound of Grandma Moses and the elder Brueghel. Most of the villagers are skating. . . Small children totter in desperate instability towards the bank, and the boys with toboggans shoot about like rockets. Various men with a tendency towards authority stand in municipal attitudes on the perimeter.

In short, Mr. Morris gives the reader his money's-worth (and throws in half a dozen superb photographs, by Ansel Adams and others). He is excellent company—not least because he spares us the egocentric self-pity that is apt to afflict all travellers, the sick-room obsessiveness in which a bad meal or a frowsy lodging can become major grievances.

Yet like most other Europeans in America Mr. Morris has some generalisations to present, though not portentous ones. They can best be indicated in terms of what he does not choose to write about in detail, or with affection. He does deal with the main regions (if somewhat skimpily with New England: Bostonians may well feel slighted), and with some of the big cities. But on the whole he fastens upon the oddities and exceptions—the Shakers, the Amish of Pennsylvania, the Amana of Iowa, Navajos, Mormons, mining ghost-towns in the Rockies and Sierra Nevada. He talks with sharp understanding of the Old South, but not about the New South. Washington D.C. is hardly mentioned; nor are the universities, nor the writers and artists; nor are the great corporations and the men in the grey flannel suits. Mr. Morris's theme seems to be that the oddities, the queer corners and dwindling communities, are what counts in the way of genuine civilisation. The norm, by contrast, is provided by the Middle West, which serves as his whipping-boy. Here, possibly, traveller's stupefaction *has* overcome him. The Middle West, he argues, is America only more so. In it the melting-pot, which once "made Americans out of wanderers, now . . . makes bores and chauvinists out of Americans." Its product is the "Standard American," narrow, swaggering and slick. Certainly he has a point. But he has not sufficient room in this sort of book to develop it properly. It therefore savours of the kind of snap judgment more fitting to his version of the Standard American. Or perhaps it reminds us of the views of Captain Marryat (one of God's Standard Englishmen); which in turn leads to the reflection that even the best of European reporters on America have, in a sense, already written their books before they set out across the Atlantic.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Aegaean By Proxy

The Lycian Shore. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 25*s.*

Introducing Greece. Edited by FRANCIS KING. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

The Lycian Shore is a dangerous book for those of us who combine a liking for living in small boats with a passion for Mediterranean civilisation. While we are thinking ourselves lucky if we can pop across to Cherbourg and on to Paimpol, Miss Stark persuades the British Consul at Smyrna to take her on a couple of voyages to the islands of the Dodecanese and the coast of Tekeh, the ancient Lycia. She is, as ever, one's projection of oneself as the ideally qualified traveller. Arrived at Chios how one longs to "think of Chabrias, the Athenian admiral, who died here of wounds in 357 B.C.," and to be able to bring him alive in memory with his racing-stable and victory-through-contempt over Agesilaus before beginning to think equally intelligently about Conon, while the yacht *Elfin* "gave a tiny movement now and then, of patience, like a sigh, or a horse standing that shifts its weight from one foot to another." Ostensibly, Miss Stark was in quest of "what Alexander found in men's minds when he marched down from the Granicus," so she meditated most often in sunlit summaries of fourth-century power politics—the city-states with autonomy, poor devils, as their passion, caught between Persia, Athens and Sparta, each of them energetically on the wane. Interspersed are easy-reading reflections on Time ("a succession of brown arms with nervous fingers of seamen tying up craft of all sorts into a distance of generations innumerable"); two prose poems based on but not attributed to Catullus's lines on his yacht; and a lucubration on "magic," which is the word she oddly chooses for the power

She sailed the Atlantic alone

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places have to impress themselves upon us if we will but put ourselves in "a wise passiveness." The quotation is mine, for although the thought is purely Wordsworthian, Miss Stark does not say so.

Once they arrive in Lycia Alexander is pushed on one side and Miss Stark announces that the main goal of their journey had been the sight of the Lycian tombs. If it was, wouldn't it have been better to tell us more about these extraordinary structures? Half a page, though cleverly packed, is not enough. Built throughout the first millennium B.C., they originate the pointed arch and imitate in their facades almost all the motifs of Graeco-Asian architecture. They are sited with incredible beauty steep on the mountains. Trying to see too many of them Miss Stark became hot and tired and found them "eventually rather dull."

Though I suspect some fudge in Miss Stark's facade (and even dreamed of her camping in one of those inflated tents sold by the Army and Navy Stores) there is no doubt that she is something more than a delightful writer of travel-books. It is a great deal to be merely that: to convince us quite casually in a few words that the Xanthus valley is really the most beautiful landscape in the world; to communicate the ecstasy of bathing in the deep Aegaean so that the stab of envy is forgotten as the experience enters our memory. The "something more" is a fusion of wisdom and language, sometimes found in the historical reflections, most plainly in this about the gypsies of Limyra:

> The life of insecurity is the nomad's achievement. He does not try, like our building world, to believe in a stability which is non-existent; and in his constant movement with the seasons, in the lightness of his hold, puts something right, about which we are constantly wrong. His is in fact the reality, to which the most solid of our structures are illusion; and the ramshackle tents in their crooked gaiety, with cooking-pots propped up before them and animals about, show what a current flows round all the stone erections of the ages.

The plan of *Introducing Greece* is a good one: to find seven writers who have lived long enough in various parts of Greece to outgrow the dewy flush of the Hellenic cruise and to know and love the country like a bride. Well, they do love her, and give good reasons too, cheerily but flatly. Try as I may I cannot elicit from these friendly, helpful pages anything but the feeling that I should find them very useful if I planned to visit Greece during the next two or three years. It is, I am sure, an excellent guide-book. Miss Stark is responsible for making all too clear the distinction between fine and useful art in descriptions of the Aegaean world.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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Drabber than Need Be

Servant of the County. By MARGARET COLE. *Dobson.* 15*s.*

The London County Council is a body which neither exercises a ready command over the imagination nor beckons lightly to the fancy. It is a Child of Light, but the light is the light of an operating theatre, shadowless, glare-free, excellent for working in, unconducive to meditation. The Council has almost no ritual and practically no dressing-up; apart from a cold, impatient Fabian puritanism it has no tradition. It so far departed from this tradition as to apply for a coat of arms when it was twenty-five years old, but returned to it by refusing a Latin motto and being unable to agree upon a wording for one in English. So it has no motto; "... by and large," as Mrs. Cole puts it,

> the impression of austerity remains; and whatever its rational cause and defence, there is, I think, no doubt that it does make the appeal of the Council to the citizen within its borders drabber than need be. In the early days the City of London was to the eager County Councillor very much the devil incarnate in purple and gluttony; it is not devilish now, but it still has the best tunes.

In *Servant of the County* Mrs. Cole has set herself to write a tune for the L.C.C. The book is not an academic study, still less a textbook of local government. Nor, on the other hand, is it a "practical" book for aspiring councillors; it does not seek to draw readers into the business or pleasures of local government, although it may have that effect. Its object is not to inspire governors to govern, but to create an intelligent interest among the governed. It is a pretty personal book: since the Education Committee is the one Mrs. Cole knows most about, she makes no bones about talking most about it. It is an informal book, conversational in its tone, like a novel sometimes in its creation of incident and occasional resort to dialogue. It would not be surprising, in these pages, to find Superintendent Wilson examining the body of a murdered alderman.

It is in keeping with her method that Mrs. Cole opens with a sketch of the Education Committee in public session, in all its bleakness and incomprehensibility, and passes from this confusing particular to the wider picture—to London County itself, with its grotesque shape, its 28 Metropolitan Boroughs, and its three and a half million people. She proceeds to the machinery of the Council, the work of its committees, clerks, and chairmen. Here we are in the textbook field, and Mrs. Cole's personal approach wilts a little under the sheer weight of exposition. But in the chapters called "Frame of Work" the approach comes triumphantly into its own. It is difficult to see how in any book less personal or less authoritative just *this* picture could have been given, the picture of individual councillors carrying on the day-to-day business of government under the internal limitations ("Finance" and "Establishment"), external authority and influence (the Ministry), internal pressures (Party and Opposition), external pressure (neighbouring Authorities) and what might be called instruments—Officers and Volunteers.

This section of the book, along with studies (some more theoretical, but all the fruits of personal experience personally conveyed) of Bureaucracy and Party, add up to something highly interesting—a modest, urban introduction, combining learning and experience, to a unique instrument of government. In the end Mrs. Cole achieves her object. She wins for the L.C.C. just that attention, cool, sympathetic, but critical, which, if the L.C.C. could be believed to have a soul, that soul could be believed to welcome.

J. D. SCOTT

The Strange Case of Mr. Constance

The Glazier. By ARTHUR CONSTANCE. *Werner Laurie.* 18*s.*

This is a very queer book: by origin, an act of expiation; in effect, partly a biography—a father drawn by a son—and partly an affectionate account of a craft. Is it only in England that these curious and isolated works so often rise out of the mainstream? Analogies hover in the mind: *Father and Son, The Wheelwright's Shop.* But the closest likeness (or possibly debt) is to a book of another sort: *Moby Dick.* Both take time for a literal and metaphorical dissection of their theme; the whaler's business in one, the glazier's in the other. As for the craftsman himself, Gissing, of all the novelists, might have invented him—the hymn-singing, obstinate blunderer of a man with his silver watch chain and old-fashioned boots. The time and setting are, indeed, exactly those of the Gissing scene, the sad, burdened, lower middle-class provincial world of fifty years ago, whose inescapable near-poverty and intolerable drab pathos sometimes reach us, oddly enough, through comedy: the Orwellian comedy of Mr. Pooter and his kind.

The story has also a freakish and violent element. As a Gloucestershire village boy the glazier had fled from a harsh father and run away to sea. On the brutal sailing ship, where he served six years (long afterwards, the marks of its floggings were still on his back), he was even then an outcast because he refused to touch alcohol. At twenty-two—the year was 1888—he landed in New York, a free man. Straightway he wrote a letter to the school-teacher of his boyhood days, telling of his long love and devotion, and asking her to become his wife. She was moved by the letter—the first that had ever passed between them—and came out to join him.

There was devotion but little repose or comfort in their marriage. Their five children were each born in a separate part of the American continent; they were to have nearly 40 changes of home. But during these early years in the States the one-time sailor learnt the craft of making leaded lights—those decorative windows and panels of coloured glass which are so evocative of the late Victorian home or shop. Although, according to his son, he lacked artistic taste, he was an excellent craftsman, meticulous and orderly; one can see why the detailed, colourful work gave him pleasure. What he could not do was to hold his own in the business world, let alone prepare an estimate which would give him a profit. In 1895, in Cheltenham, he set up the first of a long series of small workshops, each in turn coming to an end in debt. His wife continued to teach. Sometimes, between workshops, the glazier took jobs in the dockyards, or as a ship's steward. There was a brief, disastrous return to the States. As they grew up, the boys learnt the trade; they also came to despise and resent the dogmatic, irascible old nonconformist; he was unfashionable, excruciatingly tactless and a failure. It was a perfect Gissing pattern.

Then the tale takes an uglier turn. When his wife died in 1921, after a long illness, the family held him responsible—in a way, of course, he was—and in a macabre scene after the funeral he was pitched out of the house, his old coat thrown after him. Letters sent to his children were left unanswered. Occasionally, news would filter through of his being involved in queer police

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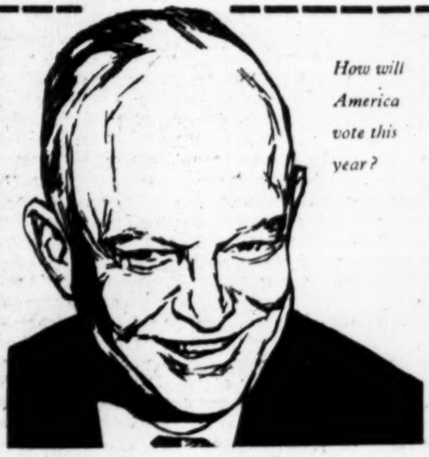

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cases; of violent resistance to bailiffs and policemen. He died, alone, in 1931, after a few weeks in a mental asylum.

Such is the outline of a painful, often baffling story. It is told obliquely, much of it in hints and backward glances; there are vast unanswered queries. What an uneven book it is! The long bombastic verse passages linking the episodes seem designed not to be read. But the prose, which has to face up to its subject, is another matter; and where it concerns the glazier's craft, it is wholly absorbing. In its odd, ungainly, original way the book has a persistent, even a haunting quality. In thirty or fifty years' time one can see it being discovered, a forgotten minor classic, and read with the same perplexity as a reader feels today.

NAOMI LEWIS

New Novels

Lucy Crown. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape.* 16*s.*
Thin Ice. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
Imperial Woman. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

In his introduction to the Viking "omnibus" edition of Scott Fitzgerald, John O'Hara has some pertinent things to say about what he calls "verisimilitude" in fiction. Fitzgerald, he tells us,

> always knew what he was writing about, which is so, so untrue of so, so many so-so writers. It may not seem like much in 1945, when it is done all the time, but twenty-five years ago it was delightful to find a writer who could come straight out and say Locomobile instead of high-powered motor car, Shanley's instead of gay cabaret and George, instead of François, the *chasseur* at the Paris Ritz. . . . The reader usually knew, without stopping to think much about it, that if a family owned a Franklin, it was because they didn't feel they could afford a Pierce-Arrow.

It is this refreshing quality that links Mr. Shaw, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Miss Buck. They all know what they are writing about. Whether it be the east coast of America in the post-Depression, Edwardian politics, or the Empress Dowager's Forbidden City, each is writing from well inside his or her own imaginative world.

Yet, in spite of this, I am sorry to report that Mr. Shaw's book is a brilliant failure. The feeling for time and place is impeccable, the settings are realistic, the dialogue tingles like ice in a highball, reminding us at its best of Mrs. Parker in the long ago. What then is wrong? It is, quite simply, the unlikeliness of Mr. Shaw's central situation and the staggering improbability of his climax. His writing has always been marked by a fatal facility and in this case it has played cruel tricks on him. Lulled by his own smooth paragraphs, soothed by the humming of his creative engine, he seems to have forged blindly ahead, without a glance at the moral and psychological incongruities heaping up on all sides around his characters. The result, particularly in the crescendo of the last incredible 40 pages, is disaster.

It is in the old story of something evil glimpsed in the woodshed. On a summer afternoon of 1937, at a Vermont lakeside resort, thirteen-year-old Tony Crown sees his mother, Lucy, in bed with his young tutor. *Sic volvere Parcas*—or, as his mother grandiloquently declares,

> "Accidents and errors," her voice loose and musical and a little thick from the wine. "Accidents and errors. If that nasty little girl hadn't been at the lake that summer, if she hadn't been bored on a grey afternoon and decided to take a walk through the woods—if the sun had come out and she'd gone swimming, or if you'd just arrived a half hour later . . . But it was a grey day and there *was* a nasty little girl and there *was* a young man and you didn't arrive a half hour later. So something that might have been only a single, rather foolish, unnecessary excursion—the sort of thing that happens to millions of women, and finally fades away into a harmless secret that they look back at indulgently in their old age—turned into a disaster. A watershed. To divide my life and yours, and your father's"
>
> "That's too easy," Tony said. . . .

Too easy it is, by half. Lucy turns wanton, the fastidious Mr. Crown takes to drink and cheap company, Tony retires into a shell of implacable hate and bitterness. In the war, Mr. Crown gets killed. Then, quite suddenly, in a riot of emotion such as only an American writer of Mr. Shaw's stamp could conceive of, the war is over and the remaining Crowns are in Normandy looking for the grave. Lucy hands her son a letter, telling how his father died and then—

> . . . He went to the middle of the road and stared down at the surface. Then, with the jack handle, he began to write in the dust, slowly and carefully. Curiously, Lucy came up behind him to see what he was doing.
>
> *Oliver Crown*, he was printing in the dust, in wide, evenly spaced letters. *Husband. Father.* He hesitated, the jack handle poised. The he added one more word. *Negotiator*, he wrote. When he had finished, he stepped back a little, cocking his head to one side, like an artist criticising his own work. Then he stepped up again and drew a box around the inscription. "That's better," he said. He went over to the side of the road and bent down and knocked off the head of the brandy bottle against a stone and came back and carefully poured out brandy, in a series of little spurts, along the lines of the letters.
>
> "To make it stand out," Tony said, "for all the world to see."

Yet, despite its ranting moments, this book is well worth reading for the heap of good things in it—the scene in the Paris bar at the beginning, the affair with the tutor, the hearty from Oregon in from a baseball orgy ("those benches at the game are awfully rough on the derrière"). Mr. Shaw has so many of the qualities that make a novelist. All he needs to do now is to discipline his moral imagination.

Such strictures cannot be made on Sir Compton Mackenzie whose limpid, discreet, sad little tale has all too firm a moral base. Briefly, it is the story of Henry Fortescue, politician and traveller, *c.* 1878-1941, and of his fatal *penchant* for young men, as told with a commentary by his lifelong friend, George Gaymer. Fortescue's case is the reverse of the usual. Instead of his morals ruining his career it is the failure of his career that saps his moral character. Sir Compton tells his story with a beautiful economy and detachment—Henry's youthful imperialism, his refusal to squire the "does" that his mother brings down for weekends, a Gidean revelation that takes place at Tetuan—it is all recounted with that mixture of farce and pathos and social knowledge (what someone, writing of Lord Acton, has called "the superiority of the more closely informed.") that is the secret of all his writing.

Gradually the political shades thicken round Henry. ("When they didn't give you Bombay after George Lloyd I thought Stanley might have put you in as Under-Secretary for India.") Futureless, he turns to the practices he abandoned on the threshold of his career—the queer parties, the night wanderings, the ugly moments of blackmail and assault. Eventually, he goes out like a light in an air-raid and, as his creator rather sombrely implies, this is perhaps just as well. For a writer in his seventies this book is a remarkable achievement. The old magician has somehow managed to blend the cool wisdom of old age with a freshness in the writing that is like the bloom of high summers long ago.

Lastly, Miss Buck who, in a long, richly woven and to me, quite absorbing novel, tells the story of "Old Buddha," the Chinese Empress Dowager (1835-1908). Eunuchs, concubines, jade, plum blossom all the way, stiffened with Western barbarians and the Boxer Rebellion. But Miss Buck has done more than this. She has given us a wonderful vista of the Old Celestial Empire, purblind, ageless, dragon rampant, full of limitless ceremonies and venerable abuses. Her book has a touch of the quality that inspired Claudel's great miracle play about the Chinese Emperor who makes a descent into Hell to quieten the dead, *Le Repos du Septième Jour*.

JOHN RAYMOND

Week-end Competition

No. 1,372

Set by Carabosse

Competitors are invited to compose verses (limit, 14 lines) on the horrors of a picnic. Entries by June 26.

Result of No. 1,369

Set by Tom Bowling

Chambers's Dictionary gives:

Burke, v.t. to murder, esp. by stifling: hence (fig.) to put an end to quietly. (From *Burke*, an Edinburgh Irishman (hanged 1829), who committed the crime in order to sell the bodies of his victims for dissection.)

Competitors are invited to invent and define four personal verbs of somewhat more topical connotation.

Report

How on earth did we get on so long without being able to amis ("cite repeatedly, esp. in *N.S. & N.* book reviews") our novels, ustinovate ("write, act, manage and produce") our plays, godot ("keep waiting") our friends, glubb ("dismiss in a summary fashion") our servants, or kelly ("infiltrate, gracefully, into royal circles") our social lives? Obviously, there were crying needs to be filled and competitors were pretty well agreed on what they were—to docker, to dulles (alt. to dulse, to johnfoster), to eden, to mugger, to mitford, to waugh, to kelly (whether Sir or Miss G.), cropped up again and again—but varied enormously in the skill and point of their definitions. Apple Tree offered the only set of four hits, and wins first prize of two guineas; D. R. Peddy is second (a guinea) with three; but like too many others, he had not a word about the origin of his verbs. Half a guinea to each of the others asterisked below.

Ramsay, v.i., to talk verbosely in such a way as to conceal meaning or lack of meaning; hence (fig.) to use camouflage, smokescreens, etc. (milit.). (From J. *Ramsay* Macdonald, politician, d. 1933.)

Waugh, v.t., to revere on moral and/or spiritual grounds that which is morally and/or spiritually neutral. (From Evelyn *Waugh*, novelist (b. 1903), held by some authorities to have attributed such qualities to the *ancien régime*, *haute cuisine*, etc.)

Nancy, v.t., to call by christian names persons (esp. notable persons) with whom one is not on familiar terms. (From *Nancy* Mitford, writer (b. 1904), who disapproved of the practice.) Hence (fig.) to use technical terms to convey false impression of *expertise*.)

Macmillanate, v.i., to attempt to achieve an end by promoting its opposite. (From H. *Macmillan*, politician (b. 1894), who was Chanc. of Excheq. during a period of inflation, and whose policy was designed to lower prices by making them higher.)

APPLE TREE

Crawfe, v.t., to turn royalty into royalties: to describe the future inaccurately; to develop a thick skin.

Spot, v.i., to be injured in knife fights from which one is absent hence (fig.) to prove an alibi; to keep the 11th Commandment. *Synonyms:* to comer; to dimes.

Dior (diminutive of *dictator*), v.t., to lay down lines of policy; to determine the shape of things to come; to induce unreasoning obedience in women.

D. R. PEDDY

Gollanczing, to go, v.i., to espouse causes violently, hence to be a professional partisan. (From V. *Gollancz*, notorious 20th century polemist.)

*Prufrock, v.t. and i., to lack self-assurance, hence (fig.) to drift aimlessly through life. Used esp. as p.p., e.g., "a prufrocked priest"—one who has lost his faith. (From hero of ballad by Thos. Eliot, poet, fl. 1915.)

HILARY

Waugh, v.t., p. tense waughed, to treat in a high-handed manner (after the distinguished novelist Evelyn *Waugh*.) *E.g.*,

He waughed the noble Lord
For that he wore no sword.

ANNIE ALLEN

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Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LARGER TURNOVER

The 57th annual general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., was held on June 11 in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord BAILLIEU, K.B.E., C.M.G., the chairman, in the course of his speech said:—

The Reserves and Surplus of the Group increased during the year by some £2½ million. They now cover the Ordinary Share Capital more than one and a half times, and you will see from the Report that of our capital expenditure in the last ten years practically one-half has been provided out of these retained profits appropriated to Reserves.

In my speech last year I referred to the fact that trading in 1954 had followed the pattern of the previous year, and again in 1955 this continued, reflecting the state of full employment and an increasing demand for our products. In fact, in many sections of our business during the year it was difficult to satisfy the demands of our customers. During the year the Group sales to customers amounted to £219 million compared with £191 million in the previous year. As you will appreciate, it is difficult with our very wide variety of products to measure accurately variations in volume, but we estimate that during the year the sales volume of the Group in terms of quantities increased by 6 per cent. This follows an increase of 15 per cent in the previous year, and in the last ten years we calculate that our volume has increased by over 100 per cent. Including supplies within the Group, our total turnover for 1955 was £302 million.

RUBBER PRICES

You will have already noted from the Directors' Report and from the Press from time to time the impact on our trading and results this year, as in previous years, of the movements in the price of natural rubber. Charts of price fluctuations over the last ten years shown in our Report illustrate the nature of our problem. In 1955 we again had some very considerable fluctuations; in January the London spot price was 30d. per lb., and by March this had fallen to 26d. per lb. Thereafter the price steadily increased, reaching a peak of 43d. per lb. in September. It then dropped back quickly, finally finishing the year at 37d. per lb. Accordingly, during the year the price fluctuated by no less than 17d. per lb., or, put another way, the range of the price increase was 65 per cent, or 26d. per lb. to 43d. per lb. Inevitably these price fluctuations have a very material bearing on our costs, and we had no alternative but to raise our selling prices during the year. These price increases were insufficient to meet the additional costs which occurred during the year. Apart from this cost aspect, however, the violent fluctuations in the price of our main raw material created an abnormal or hesitant demand which caused difficulties in maintaining an even flow of production and in turn employment.

Although the quantities of synthetic rubber used in 1955 were small, the proportion is increasing, since we are now able to purchase and import it. The increasing introduction of synthetic rubber involves tyre manufacturers in adjustments of processing machinery, and this, you will understand, means some disturbance of production.

LOWER PROFIT MARGINS

For the reasons I have just described our profit margins were lower in 1955 and the net profit before taxation represented 1s. 1d. per £ sterling of sales, or 5.3 per cent., compared with 1s. 3d., or 6.2 per cent., in the previous year. In considering our profits, particularly in the United Kingdom, you should bear in mind that a relatively high proportion of our tyre sales is made as original equipment sales to the motor, motor cycle, cycle and aviation industries. The prices at which we sell original equipment products are lower than the prices in the replacement sales market, whereas the cost of making the tyre, whether for a new vehicle or in replacement of a worn-out tyre, is the same.

This point should also be borne in mind in connection with the recent Monopolies Commission Report, in which it was confirmed—contrary to belief in certain quarters—that profit margins in the tyre industry are not excessive. In fact, considering the capital and equipment involved in the production of tyres, and the effect on costs of fluctuations in the price of natural rubber, I repeat what I have said previously that profit margins are, if anything, too low.

The reports and accounts were adopted.

To Eliotise, (also, to be guilty of ELIOTRY), to overawe with an air of superiority.

A. M. SAYERS

Mugg, v.t., to hold contrary views and opinions at the same time and to present them with illogical force and/or punch; also to be an iconoclast. Hence *mugger, n., muggerage, —idge, n.*

A. D. BENNETT JONES

*Rainier, v.i., to live by grace. (From Prince *Rainier* II of Monaco whose fortunes were retrieved by the opportune arrival of a Hollywood film star.)

W. PELZ

Dylan, v.t., to claim intimate friendship with a dead celebrity using discreditable details as circumstantial evidence. (From *Dylan* Thomas, poet (d. 1953), whose death was followed by the emptying of many cesspools of hushed and humble adoration.)

D. W. BARKER

*Pollitt, to change one's point of view rapidly and become befuddled. (From a political leader of that name who in 1956 disappeared quietly down Charing Cross Road repeating the words " I like Joe.")

GLYN LONSDALE

Tyson, v.t., *tyson sth. out*, to remove or get rid of it quickly and effectively. (Used of teeth, weeds, errors, etc.) (From Frank *Tyson*, the fast bowling English Test cricketer.)

R. A. MCKENZIE

Dors, v.i., (army term) never to " turn the back, but march breast forward." From D. *Dors*, an actress who made great capital out of above.

ANON

Pritchett, reflective verb; to shine in criticism, hence to excel in dull company. (From *Pritchett*, literary critic, still writing like an angel in a political weekly.)

*Docker, verb insensitive; to make money, especially in business, and spend it lavishly; hence (fig.) to enjoy luxury without being ashamed of it, e.g., a yacht or Rolls-Royce. (From *Docker*, an unrepentant latter-day capitalist.)

GUY HADLEY

*Stalinize, v.t., to praise, eulogize (now obs.). Now used only in de-s., to deflate, esp. reputations. (From. J. *Stalin*, a Russian politician.)

S. G. E. LYTHE

*Foyle, v.t., to invite (someone) to social functions because of personal eminence or fame. (From a Miss Christina *Foyle* who was noted for her " literary luncheons.") " Since his TV appearance he has been foyled to death."

BARBARA SMOKER

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HACHETTE

City Lights

City Calypso

Takeover bids on the £63m scale are not common; one has to say something about the Trinidad Oil rumpus. It began last week with a quiet announcement from the company that the Texas Co. had put in a bid of 80s. 3d. apiece for the shares; they were standing at 40s. 6d. People who got the news from the City ticker were a bit doubtful, but it was soon clear that the story was neither a hoax nor a mistake, and the shares touched 75s. the next morning. Then the politicians intervened. Questions were asked in the House, the Chancellor gave obviously guarded answers, the Governor of Trinidad held meetings and rushed off telegrams, the Conservative backbenchers began to mutter, the newspapers began to be furiously for or against the deal, the chairman of Trinidad Oil issued statements. The shares dropped back to 60s. before beginning to come up again, and even now it remains uncertain what the eventual outcome will be.

The main bones of the business stick out fairly clearly. Trinidad Oil, the largest of the dozen-odd companies producing oil in Trinidad, with a promising stake in Canadian oil, holds a half-interest in the Regent distribution network; its partner company, Caltex, is jointly owned by two U.S. oil companies, Standard Oil of California and the Texas Co.

Regent already has a 10 per cent. interest in U.K. oil consumption, and the growth of the market seems to offer it a chance of rapid expansion. The limiting factor is money—money, in particular, for the £25m refinery to be built at Southampton. The Texas Co. is offering to take over this headache from Trinidad Oil and give its shareholders a tidy 100 per cent. profit in exchange. For its own part, it stands to get a controlling interest in Regent, with a useful foothold in the growing U.K. market and a valuable outlet for its share of crude oil production from Persia, Bahrain and Saudi Arabia. The Trinidad and Canadian assets of Trinidad Oil would be no more than a useful adjunct to its existing interests in those areas.

On a City basis, there is no reason why the deal should not go through at once. But there are two political questions involved. One is the future of Trinidad. Its oil is expensive to produce and relatively scanty, but it is the backbone of the island's wealth. It is clearly essential, particularly with Caribbean Federation just round the corner,

from blonde pig-dealer to grey headed rook . . .

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that the future of the industry should not be jeopardised. In fact, the articles of association of Trinidad Oil—as of other Trinidad oil companies—provide that the company shall not pass out of British control without the Governor's consent. He is apparently willing to give this, subject to several obvious conditions, and the general feeling in the island—ambiguous as it always is towards the prospect of an American invasion—seems to be in favour of the economic benefits the deal might bring. The other more difficult question is how far it is desirable to let Americans buy up British companies at all, particularly since Trinidad is the only considerable source of oil inside the Commonwealth.

City opinion has gradually hardened in favour of the deal. The Government has so far continued to hedge, but it is not difficult to guess its attitude. Trinidad itself seems to be in favour, there is no decent pretext for hindering the international investment flow we have done so much to encourage, Britain stands to gain $180m in dollars for reinvestment elsewhere and a much-needed refinery. The main difficulty, from the Government's point of view, is a political one—the fierce attitude of the Suez backbenchers.

* * *

Mr. Clore's bid for Scottish Motor Traction seems lilliputian after this. The offer closes this week-end. But there has been a last-minute complication. Mr. Hugh Fraser, of the House of Fraser, after some persuasion by the S.M.T. board, has put in a counter-bid. He has raised his own company's dividend from 60 to 65 per cent., is proposing a one-for-one scrip issue in "A" shares (with limited voting rights) and offering S.M.T. shareholders a three-for-four exchange into House of Fraser "A." In effect, Mr. Fraser is offering a firm 24⅜ per cent. dividend, one and a half times covered, and Mr. Clore a dividend of at least 20 per cent. covered three times or more. In market terms Mr. Fraser seems to have a very slight lead at the moment, but it would take very little to swing the balance.

* * *

The ferment of feeling inside the building society movement has erupted again: the Halifax is to leave the Building Societies Association at the end of the month, taking one-eighth of the movement's assets with it. It is only a week or two since the Halifax's general manager resigned his position after 44 years of service; he is keeping his new position as chairman of the Association. Behind this squabble, there may very possibly be a good deal of purely personal feeling. But it shows clearly enough that the emotions agitating the movement at present are fairly deep-seated. Figures have just been published showing that in the first quarter of the year—before the new competitive terms on National Savings were announced—funds were being rapidly withdrawn from the building societies.

* * *

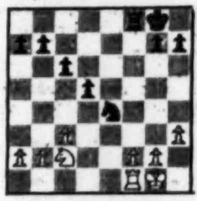
The Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation was set up to provide finance to help small companies to expand. Lord Piercy's annual statement costs the effect of the credit squeeze on its work. The Corporation's activities have been affected not only by the increasingly frequent veto of the Capital Issues Committee but by a sheer shortage of funds. Since the Spring of last year, the Corporation has had to rely upon the repayment of earlier loans for the funds with which to undertake new business; and as the high level of repayments in the last couple of years has been due chiefly to the ease with which its customers could come to market while the Stock Exchange was booming, the amount of new business it can undertake is likely to fall further in the near future. The trouble, as Lord Piercy points out, is that new and rapidly expanding firms are most affected by the squeeze.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 344. Winning Advantage

The trouble about a winning advantage is that it is one thing to have it, and quite another to materialise or even to recognise it. Yet again, a winning advantage may seem so minute that one might well despair of forcing the issue. Take this position — Spasski-Bisguier Göteborg 1955—which Euwe rightly considered worthy of one of his very thorough analyses in *Schach-Echo*. No doubt, he thinks, that, what with his centre-P and his more actively placed pieces, Black has an advantage. But is it enough to force the win? Probably not if White had immediately played Kt-Q4, followed by R-Q1-Q2. But by (25) P-B3 Spasski committed his only (and probably fatal) error of driving the Black Kt to the dominating square a4. Here's the sequel after (25) . . Kt-B4.



(26) Kt-Q4	R-K1! (Kt-R5?)	(31) P-KKt3	K-K2
(27) R-Kt1	Kt-R5!	(32) Kt-B2	P-QKt4
(28) K-B2	K-B2	(33) Kt-Kt4	K-Q3
(29) P-KB4	R-K5	(34) Kt-Q3	P-QR4?
(30) K-B3	P-KKt3	(35) P-R4?	P-B4

Black should have advanced the BP one move earlier, so as to keep the White R pinned. But White failed to grasp his fleeting chance of R-Q1-Q2. The imposing position soon occupied by his Kt will avail him little so long as the R is doomed to inactivity.

(36) P-R3	R-K2!	(39) K-Q4	Kt-B4
(37) Kt-K5	R-QKt2	(40) P-R5	P x P
(38) K-K3	P-B5	(41) R-KR1	Kt-K3 ch

White has consistently furthered his one and only chance of counter-action on the K-wing, and Black must employ his Kt to restrain the White R.

(42) K-K3	Kt-Kt2	(46) P x P	Kt-B4 ch
(43) P-KKt4!	P-Kt5!	(47) K-B3	R-Kt6
(44) QRP x P	QRP x P	(48) R-QB1	Kt-Q5 ch!
(45) P x RP	P x P	(49) K-Kt4	Kt-K7

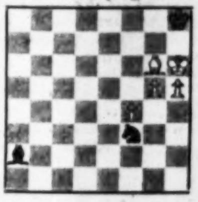
White is forced to abandon the Q-wing, since (49) K-K3 was useless against . . . Kt-Kt4. (50) K-Q2, Kt-R6! followed by Kt-Kt8.

(50) R-QR1	R x P	(55) K-B5	P-B6!
(51) R-R6 ch	K-B4	(56) R x P	P-B7
(52) R-R5 ch	K-Q3	(57) R-B5 ch	K-Q3
(53) R-R6 ch	K-B2	(58) R x P	Kt-Q5 ch
(54) R-R5	R-Kt6 ch	(59) K-B6	Kt x R

Spasski fights like a lion and almost achieves the draw.

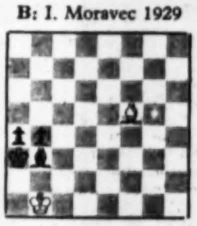
(60) Kt-B7 ch	K-Q4	(65) K-Kt6	Kt-K3
(61) Kt-Kt5	R-Kt5	(66) Kt-Kt5	R-KKt5
(62) Kt x P	R x P ch	(67) P-R7	R x Kt ch
(63) K-Kt5	K-K4	(68) K-R6	K-B4!
(64) P-R6	Kt-Q5	(69) resigns, since P = Q would lead to a mate in 3.	

A: M. Freytag 1934

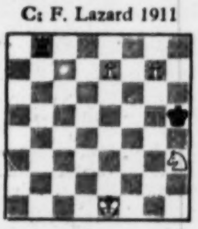


The 4-pointer is a most instructive game-position which may be too difficult for beginners, but for the helpful hint that after (1) B-K4 Black's only chance is to give up his Kt. But then how did he force the draw? Evidently he knew Moravec's famous study which is quite a classic. After this 2nd hint **B**—White to draw—should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points. As for **C**—White to win—I mustn't give any hints if I am to rate it 7 points.

B: I. Moravec 1929



C: F. Lazard 1911



Usual prizes. Entries by June 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 341. Set May 26

A: (1) . . . . K x R. (2) P-B6 ch, Kt x P. (3) P x Kt ch, K x P. (4) Kt-R5 mate.

B: (1) R-R4, P-Kt4. (2) R-KKt4! Q-Kt3. (3) R-Q4, followed by perpetual; but not (2) R-Q4?, R-Q3! and wins.

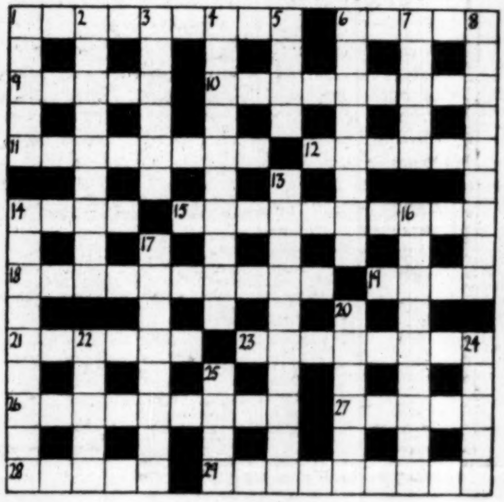
C: (1) P-Q4 ch., K-K5. (2) B-B3 ch, K-Q6. (3) B-K2 ch!, K-K5. (4) P x P, B x P ch. (5) K-B4 ! B-K4. (6) B-Q3 mate. if (1) . . . K-K3. (2) B-Kt4 ch, P-B4. (3) B x P ch, etc. if (3) P x P? B x P ch! (4) K-Q6, P-B3! etc.

An easy lot and a good many correct solutions (alternative lines for **A** scoring full marks). Prizes shared by W. M. Hancock, A. E. Harris, G. Roblin, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom, N. G. Wilson.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 203

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 203, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 26.



ACROSS

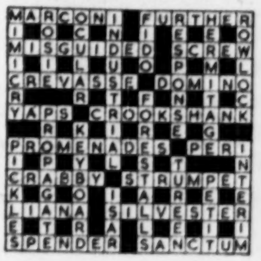
1. Dickens character who is a combination of V.I.P., hero, and saint (9).
6. Pictorial pun (5).
9. Animal put into pies in the Midlands (5).
10. Completes the games postponed (6, 3).
11. The sound of breathing makes a snake angry (8).
12. Root for the act before the good turn (6).
14. Stalls for horses (4).
15. The athlete's recovery first gives victory by a short time (6, 4).
18. Place for example in the passage (10).
19. This is precious, but nothing must come before one's friend (4).
21. Sounds like a shellfish in the sky (6).
23. Organise boxing for a vagabond (8).
26. Rushing about madly, but the slant is growing old-fashioned (9).
27. A right to retain possession is strange (5).
28. " She was dry and —— with working in the graves of deceased languages " (Dickens) (5).
29. Traps for pests in wideawake journals (9).

DOWN

1. Without one Olivia could become her successor (5).
2. A citizen with responsibility, the pater mixes with a distinguished philosopher (9).
3. Famous Frenchman to arrest in disguise (6).
4. Has parties combined in opposition (10).
5. Look for custom for everything (4).
6. Has repercussions when communist dogs are beheaded (8).
7. Father or the gardener (5).
8. Play quietly in the sol-fa department perhaps (9).
13. Novel patent medicine (10).
14. Defender and protégés in reverse (9).
16. Make up hurriedly and perhaps promise about six (9).
17. Bachelor's state, though he is embraced by Cicely in a new make-up (8).
20. Mother has a song in the country (6).
22. Lover for the French person (5).
24. The town is under measure (5).
25. Quarrel which finishes the man with the suit (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 201


MARCONI■FURTHER
I■O■C■N■I■E■E■O
MISGUIDED■SCREW
I■I■L■U■O■P■M■L
CREVASSE■DOMINO
R■■■R■T■F■N■T■C
YAPS■CROOKSHANK
■■R■K■I■R■E■G■■
PROMENADES■PERI
I■P■Y■L■S■T■■■N
CRABBY■STRUMPET
K■G■O■I■A■R■E■E
LIANA■SILVESTER
E■T■R■A■L■E■I■I
SPENDER■SANCTUM

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 201

Miss J. Clark (Londonderry), Mrs. E. M. C. Wightman (Edinburgh, 9), L. E. Willcox (Hove, 3).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

COMMONWEALTH of Australia. Appointment of Member of Australian Broadcasting Control Board. The Commonwealth Government will shortly make an appointment of a full-time member of the Australian Broadcasting Control Board. Applications are invited from British subjects who are University graduates in Engineering or Physics, or possess corresponding qualifications, and who have had considerable experience in administration and in electronics and electrical engineering in connection with broadcasting and television. The appointment will be for a term not exceeding seven years at a salary of £A3,500 per annum in accordance with the provisions of the Broadcasting Act 1942-1954. Applications, with full particulars of qualifications and experience, should be addressed to the undersigned at Parliament House, Canberra, A.C.T., Australia, and will close on August 1, 1956. C. W. Davidson, Postmaster-General of the Commonwealth.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Philosophy. Preference will be given to a candidate with special interest in the History and Philosophy of Science. The salary scale for the position is from £985 to £1,235 per annum, by annual increments of £50. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or as soon thereafter as possible. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 31, 1956.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a position of Senior Lecturer in Statistics. Applicants should be highly qualified in statistical theory and widely experienced in the application of statistics to practical problems. The salary range is £A1,850 to £A2,150 per annum. It is expected to make an appointment at or near the maximum. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. will be provided. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is July 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for Lectureship in (a) Physical Geography, and (b) Economic Geography. Salary scales £950×50—£1,600 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60. F.S.S.U. Passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by June 30, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq., London, W.C.1 from whom further partics. may be obtained.

GOVERNMENT of Cyprus. Assistant Political Editor, Cyprus Broadcasting Service. Qualifications: Experience in journalism and preferably also in writing for radio, good knowledge international affairs and sound political sense. Duties: To prepare commentaries and radio programmes on political and economic affairs. Terms of Appointment: On contract for two years with salary of £1,200 plus overseas allowance of 20 per cent. and cost of living allowance of 11½ per cent. of salary. Gratuity payable on satisfactory completion of contract. Outfit allowance £30. Furnished quarters provided when available at low rental. Generous leave. Apply Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, S.W.1, state age, qualifications and experience. Quote reference BCD 96/17/012.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd. for work in Child Guidance Centre at Ealing. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training and some teaching experience. Salary, Soulbury II, £915 to £1,115 (men); £815 to £965 (women) plus "equal pay" adjustment. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 26, Castlebar Rd., Ealing, W.5 by June 29 (Quote S.977 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

BOURNVILLE Village Trust require a successor to present head of Accounts Department, who will retire within the next three years or so. Applicants should have experience in accountancy. Some knowledge of estate and property management most desirable. Must be prepared to take an interest in the estate. Fuller particulars will be sent if required. Apply, stating age, experience and salary required, to Secretary and Manager, Estate Office, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

TEACHER interested in therapeutical education of maladjusted boys age 10 to 16, for general subjects. Maths to G.C.E. standard advantage. Applications will be welcome from men and women. Previous experience in special schools not essential. Married accommodation available. Please apply in detail accompanied by three testimonials and names and addresses of 3 refs. to Principal, Shotton Hall School, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in Economics. Salary between £400 and £500 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Applications should be sent by June 30, 1956, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers are invited to apply to L.C.C. for appointment to (i) Woodberry Down Child Guidance Unit (full-time post) where the successful candidate will work under the Medical Director. (ii) Two Approved Schools (full-time post) where the duties will mainly involve visiting the homes in London of boys at the schools, which are visited regularly by a psychiatrist, under whose direction the P.S.W. will work. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley rates and conditions apply. Further information and application form from Medical Officer (PH/D.1/1076), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by June 25, 1956.

Y.M.C.A.s have vacancies for Assistant Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for H.M. Forces. First essentials—sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Appointments suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

STEVENAGE Museum requires Curator. Salary £475 (less £75 rent s/c flat). Other suitable Museum work available, bringing total emolument to £600. The Curator will be expected to place special emphasis on children's work and to co-ordinate work of volunteers in natural history, archæology, art, model making, design, etc. State reasons for applying to Secretary, Museum, Stevenage.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Gillott's School, Henley-on-Thames. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Mistress in this experimental girls' technical school. Candidates should possess a degree in History, French or English and should be prepared to teach one of these subjects throughout the school. Boarding school experience, while not essential, will be regarded as an additional qualification, for the post is a resident one. This somewhat unusual appointment offers opportunities to candidates seeking organising experience. Apply by letter giving full details to the Headmistress.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Visiting Officers in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's homes, boarding out (Male visiting officers particularly concerned with boarding out and supervision of older boys), and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a University diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £675 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than June 25. Canvassing forbidden.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for above appointment at the South Essex Child Guidance Clinic, Grays. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Medical examination. Post superannuable. Applic. forms from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant (Woman) for publicity work (with some travelling) and secretarial duties required for residential college for adult education in London area. Varied work offering scope for initiative. Resident post; age range 22-35; university education and secretarial training desirable, previous experience not essential. Particulars from Secretary, Hillcroft College, Surbiton.

YOUNG Assistant Housemaster required in September to help with general supervision and out of school activities of a group of boys aged 11-16 years. Ability to help with dramatic work, drawing or woodwork an advantage. The post is for a period not exceeding one to two years. Good experience for a young man interested in social work amongst deprived children prior to entrance to the University or Probation Officers' or Teachers' Training Courses. Highest refs. reqd. Small salary according to exp. Apply sending copies 3 testims. to Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashfd., Kent.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital and Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 25 hours per week (3-4 days). Salary £5 p.w. Apply in writing to the Secretary and Finance Officer.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Probationary Assistant Lecturer in German. Preference will be given to candidates whose special subject is the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Commencing salary between £550 and £650 per annum according to age and qualifications. F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Applications (six copies) must be sent by June 23, 1956, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval Economic History. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than June 22, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FAMILY Case Worker, woman, qualified and experienced. Some experience in group work an advantage. Post on rapidly growing housing estate, pioneer scheme. Salary according to qualifications and experience, £500-£600. Applications in writing, giving full details and names of two referees, to Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

THE Royal National Institute for the Blind offers a Research Grant of £650 p.a. tenable (for three years in the first instance) at the Cambridge Institute of Education, to enable a suitably qualified man or woman to pursue a course of fundamental research into the psychology of children educated in schools for the blind, with special reference to the learning and thinking processes in these children. Applicants should be capable of pursuing research at a high level; an Honours degree in Psychology is desirable. The successful applicant would be encouraged to submit the results of his work for a higher degree where this was appropriate. Applications to the Director, Cambridge Institute of Education, 2 Brookside, Cambridge, or to the Secretary-General, R.N.I.B. (EO), 224 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1, within 21 days of this advt. with names of 3 referees.

C.W.S. Market Research Department has vacancies for Trainee Assistants with qualifications in economics, commerce, statistics, etc. (Consideration will be given to applicants who expect to complete their degree courses this term.) The work of the department is concerned mainly with the study of consumer habits and retailing practices, and persons appointed may work in the office or in the field. Commencing salary £500 per annum. Apply, giving full details of age, education, etc., to C.W.S., Ltd., Central Labour Dept., 1 Balloon St., Manchester, 4.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for: (a) Rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men; (b) Boys' Hostel in Cambridge. Commencing salary £4 10s per week, live in, all found. Apply to S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

JUNIOR Research Executives, female, aged 21-26 years, required by expanding Research Department of an International Advertising Agency. Research experience and/or social science qualifications an advantage, but not essential. Salary not less than £425. Apply in fullest detail to Director of Research, McCann-Erickson Advtg. Ltd., Bretenham House, Lancaster Pl., London, W.C.2.

FULL-time assistant Youth Leader, woman, required in North Kensington. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Pension scheme. Apply to Organising Sec., Feathers Clubs Assoc, 29 Mulready St. N.W.8.

PART-time tutors in English required for Italian boys (mornings only) at £4 per week. Box 5117.

B.A. or B.Sc. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Girls' estabt. Mornings. French and G.C.E. Maths. an advantage. Sept. Box 5070.

LONDON Charity requires a Lady case worker; applicant must be a graduate trained in family case work and must also have been employed in a family case work agency. At least 3 years' experience is essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 4853.

INTELLIGENT, ambitious woman or man required for progressive all round position in general office of modern jewellery factory. Sh/typg. essenl. Holidays this yr. Box 5434.

BOOK Club requires Membership Manager, 30-40. Ability to organise and lead and knowledge accountancy essential. Applicants should be good letter-writers with a horror of business jargon. Full particulars in writing to Box 5377.

STATISTICAL Assistant required by Research Institute with pleasant Westminster office, to work on research project for 1 year. Salary £400-£450 p.a. according to experience. 3 weeks' paid holiday p.a. Holiday arrangements respected. Applications to Box 5432.

COUNCIL engaged in social and educational work reqs. as Assistant Secretary someone seeking interesting position rather than high salary. Good education and sh./typing essential. Full partics. of qualifications and experience to Box 5440.

ART Booksellers (British Museum district) require educated shorthand-typist for part-time work. Handwritten applications, stating age and experience. Box 5332.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED Sept., small co-ed. boarding school with farm, teacher of gen. subjects able to teach science or art to G.C.E. level. Couple considered. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

WOMEN'S magazine requires full-time typist to answer readers' problems. Gd. Eng. & fast typg. Age 25-35. Box 5369.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary wanted. Must be good shorthand-typist. 5-day week, 9.30 to 5. Apply: Family Planning Assoc., 64 Sloane St. London, S.W.1.

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THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand-typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

PASSMORE Edwards Art Gallery, Newlyn, Cornwall. Vacancy from Sept. for Curator/Sec., small salary and rent-free flat. Apply: Sec., Newlyn Art Gallery, Penzance.

VERSATILE help wanted café north Cornish coast mid-July-mid-September. Suit pre-University student. Dodgson, Doyden, Portquin, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUC. young man seeks any employment London, July 28-Sept. 22. Box 5227.

AUSTRALIAN, m., 23, Hons. degree English, sks. work Europe summer. Anywhere, anything. Teaching exper. Box 5196.

YNG. man, 27, presentable, intell., extensive but unrewarded ints., sks. someone needing hard wk. at reas. cost. Box 5203.

ITALIAN Domestics! We have available (for country areas) a number of untrained but serious girls with refs. & willing to learn English. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

SPANISH Domestics! We have a number of girls available for London and provincial towns. Good references and willing to learn English. Fares payable by employers. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

GRADUATE available as resident tutor in History, English and Latin to G.C.E. (advanced). June to August. Mr. Westrate, Merton College, Oxford.

SUITABLE post sought by grad. biologist with wide interests incl. Ethnology, World History; Adult Educ. exp. Box 5202.

INTELLIGENT lady, age 31, seeks general secretarial or copy typing work with kind employer. Has occasional fits. For further information please write Box 5269.

YOUNG woman (27) seeks interesting part-time job. Would like to help in art gallery, interior decoration, antique business. Good mixer. Box 5160.

ANY suggestions? Sec., 27, 10 yrs. exp., desires change. Wd. like intg. & reasonably lucrative job. Willing learn. Box 5316.

GERMAN Shorthand-Typist, perfect in English, intention to learn English shorthand, sks. post in London. Applic. for permit necessary. Good chances to get it. Box 5328.

FELLOWSHIPS

TAVISTOCK Institute of Human Relations: Applications are invited (not later than June 30, 1956) for Fellowships for a three-year full-time course of training in Child Psychotherapy in association with the Department for Children and Parents of the Tavistock Clinic, beginning October next. Honours degree in psychology or its equivalent and experience with children essential. For further particulars and application form apply to Training Secretary, Child Psychotherapy Course, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1.

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PERSONAL

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GLYNDEBOURNE. Wanted, minimum 5 seats Magic Flute any perf. except week Aug. 11-18. Cd. exch. for 9 seats/less Aug. 13. Taylor, Gordons, Felsted, Essex.

SALZBURG Festival. Opera tkts. urg. reqd. Aug. 2-8. Britton, Staffa, Dawlish.

COUNTRY cottage (cen. heating, etc.) free in return supervision 2 children (daily help) next Dec.-Feb. Parents abroad. Irwin, Bellman's Green, Edenbridge, Kent.

BACHELOR, 31, free April-July incl. 1957, fit most things, wd. welcome suggestions anything legal, active, anywhere. Remuneration secondary to interest. Replies initially will take 2 months due distance. Box 4543.

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RUSSIAN-speaking registered guide avail. conduct tours to Russia. Box 4049.

ESTABLISHED amateur company under first-class professional direction presenting Shakespeare, Central London, seeks new members. Box 5368.

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COMPAN., m., 20-25, sought by yng. m. univ. grad. hol. late July/Aug. Box 5102.

SCOOTER owner, bach., 34, wishes hear fr. others, hols., w/ends, etc. Box 5288.

LAST fortnight July, ditto August. Vacancy for couple. South Devon coast village. Secluded. Reasonable terms.—Box 5353.

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PHYSIOTHERAPY, massage, manipulation, stimulating nerve treatment, relaxation-therapy in cases of anxiety, irritability, nervous tension, stress and strain, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Recomm. by medical profession. Ask for broch.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent Deferred terms.

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WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

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PERSONAL—continued

TWO summer cruises to Russia (Leningrad and Moscow) by splendid French Line ships, "Colombie" July 28 to August 13, "Antilles" August 11 to August 25. Attractive all-inclusive rates from £95. Traditionally fine French Line service and cuisine, complete journey to Moscow, full board in Leningrad and Moscow, conducted sightseeing ashore. Full dets. from your travel agt. or French Line, 20 Cockspur St., S.W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

P.S. Harold Ingham invites you to add your name to his mailing list for his 1957 programme of "Summer Schools Abroad," ready January. In acknowledging your enquiry he will send a copy of his 1956 programme for your information (there are still, by the way, a very few vacancies, this year, in parties to Barcelona, Lausanne, Vienna, Naples). Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

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HIGHGATE, N.6. To let, July 28-Sept. 1, sml. s/c. flat, slp. 3/4. Box 5330.

GIRLS sharing attractive Hampstead flat have one vacancy. PRI. 0968.

ONE or two rooms to let in Central London, modern flat, July-Sept., possibly longer. Suit professional couple. Box 5183.

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HAMPSTEAD Heath. House to let August. 2 living-rooms, 4 bedrooms, etc., garden. £10 p.w. HAM. 4645.

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FLATLET, Highgate Vil. Quiet unfurn. s/c., lge. gdn. rm., k., b., car place, tel., use acres woods, £190 p.a. Single person only. View Sun. 11 a.m. Elms, Fitzroy Pk.

SECRETARY wishes to share her comfortable flat with young lady. Own bedroom, all conveniences. £2 15s. p.w. HAM. 4567.

FURNISHED flatlets to let overlooking garden, 3 rooms & 2 rooms. Gas stove & geyser. Crouch End, FIT. 0773.

WESTMINSTER, bed-sit. rm. in pleasant priv. house. Ckg. facs., cleaning, linen. Suit gentleman. 63s. p.w. Ditto smallish, 50s. p.w. Apply 23 Maunsel St., S.W.1.

SMALL but attractive bed-sitting room with gas ring, Ealing. Nr. tubes. Abs. inc. charge heat, light, linen & other amenities. 2 gns. p.w. Box 5135.

TO let: from July 3 for 6 or 8 weeks, attrac. well-furn. flat. Sleep 4, all conv., fridge, radio, etc. 7 gns. p.w. GLA. 2993.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. bungalow, outskirts S. Devon village. Seclusion, glorious views, elec., h. & c., large garden, one month June 25. 8 mls. Exeter. Box 5435.

ALDEBURGH, facing sea. Ideal holiday house, 5 bedrooms, h. & c., 7 beds, all conveniences. Ping-pong. Simply but comfortably furnished. Available June 30-July 13 and Sept. 8-29. 13gns. Write Box 5289 or ring MUSeum 5626 (day).

GILBERT White country. To let Sept. 1-15. Modern bungalow sleep 4, 7½gns. wk. incl. linen and gdn. produce. Berlow, Wellhead, Selborne, Hants.

GIPSY-type caravan. June-Sept. Wheeler, Garden Cott., Sibton, Sax, Suffolk.

CENTRAL Highlands beauty spot, cottage, July-August. Particulars. TER. 6873.

CHINESE couple, 2 children (2½ & 4 yrs.) seek furn. flat, W. London/6-mile radius London Airport. Reasonable. Box 5422.

PROFESSOR, wife, daughter 5, sk. furn. flat June 15-Sept. 15. LEY. 3700.

STUDENT & grand piano urg. req. accom., practice facs. (inc. evgs.). Box 5373.

YOUNG bachelor seeks flatlet or share with another. Musical type. Box 5321.

REQUIRED for July; furn. flat, central London, sleep 2-3. Up to 6gns. 'Phone WELbeck 2519 after 6 p.m.

YNG. cpl., man Foreign Office, wife writer, no chldn., recently ret. Engl. urg. req. unfurn./pt. furn. accom. 2 rms., bath., kit., 3 mths. or longer. Wd. baby-sit/cook/hsekp. in ret. mod. rent. S.W.3/Ken./H'std. pref. Ring BAY. 2752 p.m., or write Box 5319.

FURN. flat nr. Hamp. tube/Chelsea/S. Ken. Married cpl., no child. Box 5315.

INDIAN journalist wants small flat, pref. N.W. or Kensington. Box 5331.

CAREFUL tenant reqs. furn. flat/house London 4-6 weeks from July 1. Box 5387.

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YOUNG composer with piano seeks quiet room W.5/8/11/14 or S.W.5. Use tel. & kit. essential. Box 5388.

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FOR the country-lover. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers comfortable accommodation for restful holidays with good food and pleasant company. Ideal for walking, cycling, sketching.

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RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. Country, Seaside town. Good accom. H. & C. Spring interiors. June, July, Sept. Terms. Drake, Porthmeor Guest House.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. "The Quare Fellow." Tu.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Off the Mainland." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri, Sat, Sun, 7.45.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until June 17: "The Long Night" (American version "Le Jour Se Lève") (A). From June 18: Russian film in colour "Twelfth Night" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 16, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson, in "Anna Karenina" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROYAL Festival Hall (WAT. 3191). Boris Godunov (U) Sensational Russian colour film of Mussorgsky's opera. Tues. & Fri., June 19 & 22, at 6 & 8.30.

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. June 17, 6 days. A. Todd, The Sound Barrier (U).

"CRY the Beloved Country" & document. "African Conflict" Film Show. French Inst., Queensberry Pl. S.W.7. Sat. June 23, 8 p.m. Ad. tkts. only (7s. 6d., 5s.) Write S. African New Age Cttee, 38 Eastern Rd. N.2.

JUNE 23. Make a note of an original Barge Evg. near Kew Bridge. Detls.: Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. June 16, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Grp. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s. Mem'ship inv.

"DANCE Extraordinaire," Internat. 250 Camden Rd., N.W. Sat. 16th. 2s./1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD. Midsummer Night Garden Party, 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns., 8 p.m., June 23. Adm. 2s. 6d. for Labour Party.

CONCERTS

DUTCH Miners Choir, 110 voices. Festival Hall, June 20 at 5.45. Palestrina, Schubert, Dvorak, Elgar, Milhaud, Hindemith, Berkeley, Britten, &c. All seats 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191. Mgt. N. Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

UNIVERSITY of London Musical Society (with support of Arts Council of Gt. Britain). Central Hall, Sat., June 23, at 7.30. Rejoice in the Lamb (Britten), A Child of our Time (Tippett). Soloists: April Cantelo, Noreen Berry, Alexander Young, Richard Standen. A section of the London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Michael Tippett. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Hall (WHI. 4259), Chappell's and Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

WINDOW on the West Indies. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel announces its new Photographic Exhibition (all Heseltine Photographs) at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Open weekdays June 8-22, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Foundation. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Pntgs. by Colin Allen, Kenneth Long, Sheila Pratt, Ernest Zobok.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. New sculpture by Peter King.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Patrick Heron; Mary Fedden; and Robert Macgowan. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 30.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhib. of paintings, sculpture & mosaics by seven contemporary Venetian artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Suns. Adm. 6d. Until June 30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE Soc. of Painters & Sculptors. 2nd Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge, June 2-23, daily except Sundays. 10.30-6.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St. W.C.2. Francis Bott 1st Lond. Exhb. fr. June 12.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. 3 exhibitions. Keith Vaughan, Frances Hodgkins, John Marshall. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WILTON Gallery, Motcomb St., Knightsbridge. Come and see Ulrica Forbes's coloured drawings, compositions, nudes and portraits. 10-5.30. Suns. 10-6. Closing July 2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Rodin Bronzes against a Background of French Drawings. Closing June 23.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Roderic Barrett. Paintings by Derek Cawthorne.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. "Design in Advertising," Work from 11 countries by Members of the Alliance Graphique Internationale. June 14-30. Open weekdays 10-7. Mondays 10-5. Adm. free.

CHARLES Howard: Paintings & Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

EXHIBITION of Children's Religious Art at Lambeth Palace, Tuesday, June 19, to Saturday, June 23. Open 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday 10 a.m. to noon.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., June 19, 8.15 p.m. Disc. Revaluation: Marcel Duchamp. Speakers incl. E. L. T. Mesens, Richard Hamilton, Anthony Hill, Colin St. John Wilson. Chair.: Toni Del Renzio. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Wed., June 20, 8.15 p.m. "Broadway and Hollywood," by Donald Ogden Stewart. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thurs., June 21, 8.15 p.m. "Coast to Coast," by Ian McCallum. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Jazz Section, Mon., June 18, 8 p.m. "Miles Davis," by Alun Morgan, "Bud Powell," by Raymond Horricks. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Mem'ship. invited.

MRS. Naomi Mitchison, Authoress, Playwright, Journalist. "Across the Frontiers," at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Tues. June 19, 8 p.m. Vis. welc.

"WHY Experiment on Animals?", Peter Turner, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon., June 18, 7.30. 2s. Lond. Nat. Health Soc.

"KENYA, Past, Present and Future." Lecture by the Lady Eleanor Cole, a Kenya farmer of 30 years standing, at present visiting this country. Royal Empire Society Hall, Craven St., Strand, W.C.2, Thursday, June 28, at 6.45 p.m. Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Stonehaven. Admission free.

YOUNG Mapam. "American Jewry." Talk by C. Ginzberg at 104 Nightingale Road, E.5. 7.30 p.m., Sunday, June 17.

CEN. Lon. Fabian Soc., Wed. June 20, 7.30. "Human Rights & the Robot." M. Edelman M.P. 2 Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Vis. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, June 21, Dr. R. C. Majumdar (Guest speaker) "Some Essential Features of Indian Culture." Suns. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave. N.10. Gita. All welc.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7379.) Fri., June 15, 8 p.m. Edward Crankshaw, "Russia Today." Tues., June 19, 8 p.m. A. Halpern, "Saltikov-Schedrin," Fri., June 22, 8 p.m. Mrs. M. Harari, "Recent Visit to Russia."

THE Goa League 10th Anniv. of 1st Satyagrah Mov. of Goans. Public Mtg. Central Hall, S.W.1. Mon. June 18, 7.30. A. Wedgwood Benn M.P., C. Greenidge. Free.

AFRICAN Forum. "Algeria Next Step," by Bishr, President Arab Students' Union, Caxton Hall, June 21, 7.30.

ROSENBERG-Sobell Meeting. Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. Donald Soper, Monica Whately, Anne Marie Walters, M.B.E. (author of "Moondrop to Gascony"). Chair.: Rev. Stanley Evans. Conway Hall, June 19, 7.45. 1s. Rosenberg-Sobell Cttee., 29 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "Unexamined Assumptions in Ethics," June 17, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, June 17, King's Weigh House Church, Binney Street, W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse by Pandit Usharbudh Arya.

INDIAN Institute of Culture. London Br., Fri., June 22, 8.30. Eric J. Batson: "G.B.S. 100." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, June 17, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Belief in Reason."

THREEFOLD Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 6.30 p.m., June 19, "Devotion." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., June 23. Mr. Ian Finlay: "The Forgeries of Han van Meegeren."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B. & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners. July 2 to July 27. (Next course October/November.) Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (WES. 6564.)

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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ECOLE de Français, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYD. 6524. Outstanding success of our attractive French Conversation Courses. Trial lesson 2s. 6d. Also English for Continentals, Italian, Spanish, German. (9 a.m.-9 p.m.)

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, Frensham Heights, Farnham, August 18-25. "Towards Equality," Wilton Park, Steyning, August 25-Sept. 1. "Socialism & Human Relations." Details. 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SUMMER School in Denmark, August 17 to September 2, staying first at Odense, then Elsinore. Separate sections will study Welfare Services and Agriculture through visits, discussions with those on the job, and lectures by Danish experts. Further partics.: British Social Biology Council, Tavistock House South, W.C.1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

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